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January 1, 1966, 35 cents

AMERICA–1965

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***Evergreen* has come into possession of a letter we believe should be shared as a public service. Its writer is a German Government official with the title of Regierungsdirektor whose position on the Bundesprüfstelle (German euphemism for "Federal Censorship Office") has earned him the unofficial title of "top guardian of morals in Germany." The following is a translation of pertinent sections:**

"My first examination inclined me to the belief that the issue (No. 38) would be of no interest to us, as far as our viewpoint is concerned. But then I came upon the 'comic' story 'Phoebe Zeit-Geist' on pp. 58 ff. It goes beyond anything of this kind so far placed before me. In our view, the depiction in this form of the wildest kind of sadism, unleashed on a girl who must, in stages, undress herself completely before an observer and who is being whipped—this no doubt goes beyond all limits.

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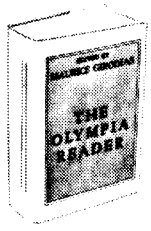

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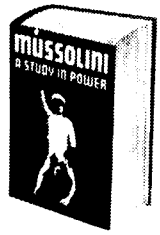

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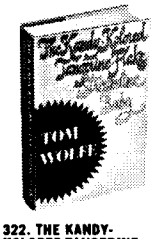

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

World Leaders

★ "What heads!" exclaimed a famous sculptor, leaning forward the better to see the Harvard faculty march by at commencement. And here in Washington we avidly watch visits of world leaders. Ayub was first to come. Mohammed Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan. He is ramrod straight with a black, no-nonsense moustache. A Sandhurst graduate in astrakhan hat, the very image of a Kipling colonial administrator out of *Kim* except for his dark skin. But he is not the colonial – he is native. A martial figure in extraordinary contrast to his opposite number, child-faced Prime Minister Shastri of India. He is not taller than LBJ but is more striking; stands as though at parade attention, while Mr. Johnson has the willowy Texas slouch.

Then pipe-smoking, stocky, chunky Harold Wilson, with a bit of a paunch. Seeing him here, one can only surmise at the depth of loathing he inspires among Tories. Under his alert, self-possessed parliamentary manner he is a cold fish, they say, a thinking-machine with a computer memory, an opportunist. One can only grope at externals. Once before on a visit here he answered reporters' questions at the White House while Mr. Johnson sat behind him. (One recalled Churchill here in the war, standing on a chair to be seen better; FDR behind him; only FDR grinned appreciatively, affectionately.) Wilson's replies came crisp, without pause; he was thinking faster than the reporter; straightforward mostly but blandly parrying some. It was almost a deliberate *tour de force* as he nonchalantly exhibited the debating skill of Westminster give-and-take. The silent President slouched deeper and deeper into his chair, lines on his face seeming to deepen. Congress does not teach this style and skill. Yet there is a mordant edge to Wilson's wit that is dangerous to a national leader; one that does not endear him to opponents. Once he said that when Harold Macmillan landed at the London airport, his deputy, Rab Butler, went forward and gripped him warmly by the throat. Such remarks do not help a consensus.

There is an enigmatic quality in Johnson too, as well as in Wilson. Both are superbly political, both manipulative, both ruthless. We guess that the two men measured each other; understood and appreciated each other.

Latest is Erhard. What a figure – Mr. Prosperity. Put his puffy legs in red tights and his roly-poly face in whiskers and he is Santa Claus. A cozy, comfortable-looking man: our "most reliable partner in Europe," some affirm; one who says all the right things about Vietnam from the Administration's point of view. Moon face, thick hair almost white – no perceptible neck. One wonders in looking at him what his inner power is.

A Public Façade

★ One wonders about them all, in fact, Mr. Johnson included (or El Supremo as the irreverent call him). Each leader exhausts part of his world influence by trials at home – Ayub, Kashmir; Wilson, Rhodesia; Erhard, partition; Johnson, Vietnam. Potentially the American has more power on the world stage than all the rest together, doubled or tripled. But the West's one great free figure, the man on whom history waits, is more and more bogged down at this vital juncture with a petty, poisonous war, half a world away, where the only victory would be stalemate.

These sample leaders on the Washington stage do have this in common: they present a public façade of knowing what they're doing. If they presented their inner doubts they would be doomed, like Adlai. They have been meeting here, sizing each other up, making their trades, preparing their bargains. Soon Wilson will go on to Moscow, to call on another tough leader, Kosygin, trying to push nuclear agreement a little further ahead, in spite of Vietnam. With that greatest thespian of them all, de Gaulle, a bit dampened by the elections, there is perhaps a moment of international fluidity.

And now we come back to President Johnson. He is down from 220 pounds to about 192. Like every man who has lost weight he looks a bit cadaverous. His suits have been taken in. After the frenzied Johnson rush of the last session, Washington faltered when he went to the hospital; "collapsed" would be the better word. Dead-tired subordinates had cardiac tests. Some left. Rumors began to circulate about his continued absence. Actually the President has taken just about the normal time for convalescence from his operation; the uneasiness generated from the feeling that he was a superman, immune to ordinary rules. There is no reason that we know to suppose he will not be back shortly with his caged-tiger impatience, his strength, his pettiness, his wish to be a great President, his admirable feeling for the underdog, his secretiveness.

Presidents make their own rules, and often trip over them. Mr. Johnson's secretiveness injures him; he hasn't had a formal White House press conference since August 25. By contrast Harold Wilson reports to Commons after each visit, and his ministers are questioned.

Our information is that Mr. Johnson will escalate Vietnam. We shall know soon. He is keeping his forthcoming budget dark, too. A credibility gap begins to surround him; for example, the twice-burnt press now discounts rumors of his assumed budgetary difficulties. They are serious enough, it is felt, but are exaggerated now for later effect.

★ *Notes:* Under a little-known requirement slipped into Medicare, two million of the 19 million people aged 65 or over, who are not covered by Social Security, must sign non-Communist statements before they can get hospital benefits. . . . Charles Percy will run against Paul Douglas for Illinois Senator next year; ultra-conservative Prof. Philip Crane of Bradley U may run as a spite candidate, like Buckley against Lindsay in NYC. . . . Westbrook Pegler is writing for *The Councilor*, organ of the Louisiana (White) Citizens Council. . . . We found two paperbacks valuable on Vietnam: *Viet Nam*, Gettleman, 95 cents, a Fawcett Premier, No. M 287; and *How the US Got Involved in Vietnam*, Scheer, 75 cents, Fund for the Republic, 136 E. 57th St., NYC.

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Food – For Peace?

Over the holidays Americans consumed, as festive delicacies, 173½ million pounds of turkeys, ducks, geese and chickens, and 12 million hams, close to a pound per head. In India, meantime, Uttar Pradesh farmers were temporarily staving off their children's deaths from starvation, by letting them eat the seeds the farmers should be planting in order to get a crop in 1966. India's Food Minister, Chidambara Subramaniam, hastened to Washington last week for talks about his country's food crisis. This country, while deliberately destroying rice crops in Vietnam to try to starve the Viet Cong, has been sending food to India, under the Food for Peace program, at the rate of 6 million tons of grains a year; in 1966 the amount will probably have to be doubled if there is not to be a great Indian famine. The experts say that India's threatened famine is only the first shock wave of an impending world collision between growing numbers of people and food output that is lagging behind population.

There is no shortfall of food production in the United States; on the contrary American farmers are paid by the federal government for agreeing to restrict their output. Since 1954, our food surpluses have been disposed of by being sent abroad, under the Food for Peace program. In exchange, this country acquires foreign currencies which are usually returned, as loans and grants, to the countries that get the food. Under the program, the US is providing about $1.7 billion worth of surplus food a year to nations that don't grow enough to take care of their own needs and can't afford to pay with dollars or other hard currencies for what they import. Congress is now expected to review the Food for Peace program, which is due to end on December 31, 1966. The program may be continued but be tied into foreign aid. The office of the director of Food for Peace has been moved from the President's executive office to the State Department, and an attempt will probably be made to have future Food for Peace legislation and appropriations handled by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee instead of by the Senate and House Agriculture Committees. Neither of the respective chairmen of the agriculture committees, Harold D. Cooley in the House and Allen J. Ellender in the Senate, is regarded as warmly disposed to putting food in with foreign aid.

But bigger problems are involved than a wrangle over congressional committee jurisdiction. For ten years, our food surplus has been a major part of the foreign aid effort, but from now on it may not be

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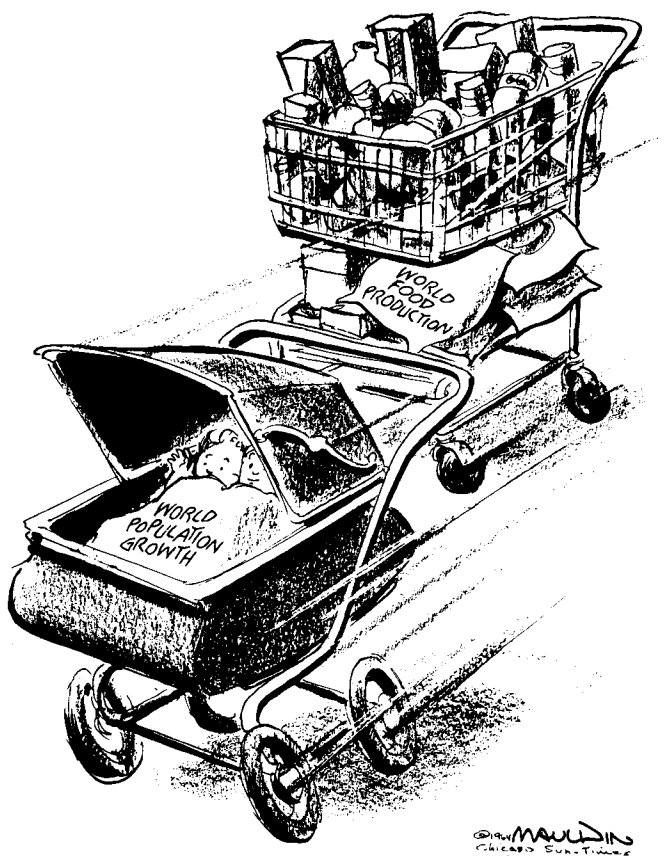
merely a question of giving surplus food away; it might become one of the US trying to feed an increasingly hungry world. The US alone cannot, as it happens, successfully do so, even if the will and the necessary ships, ports and distributive machinery were there. In the decade that the Food for Peace program has been operating, the demand for our surplus food has steadily risen while the surpluses have diminished, so that in 1965 the Department of Agriculture actually had to seek authority (which was given it in the omnibus farm bill) to buy dairy products on the open market in order to fulfill commitments that had been made under the program. The rate at which world population and therefore the demand for food is growing is such that in 15 years the need will overtake even the enormous American agricultural capacity. Informed estimates are that by the year 2000 – 34 years off – world population is going to be about double what it is today. Most of the population surge will be in countries like India, which despite considerable efforts are growing less food per head than they were 25 years ago.

Large areas of the world aren't likely to wish to become as dependent on us for food as India is already, but how those countries' own food production is to be increased sufficiently, in time, is a poser – and a politically explosive one. Any new Food for Peace program that is going to help will have to rely on the food-deficit countries growing more food for themselves and probably also reducing their birthrates to match the big reductions that have already occurred in their deathrates and that account for the current tidal wave of human beings. But if food-deficit countries are told that henceforth they will get food aid from us only on condition that they grow more food themselves and have fewer people, there may be a storm. Will the Latin Americans adopt birth control and the Indians switch investment from industry into farming, at our behest? India has tried to curb its population and has also tried to increase its food output but its success has been limited by a number of factors – Hindu worship of fertility, lack of farm skills at the grass roots, states' resentment of central government direction, a top-heavy bureaucratic machine and determination by some government planners to stake India's future on factories rather than on farming.



Drag Race

Before the White House and Congress go to work on a revamped Food for Peace program, the impact and implications of the role this country can play on the world food front ought to be carefully assessed. In fiscal 1965, US assistance to foreign agriculture amounted to only $106 million. This figure excludes such projects as fertilizer and processing plants; but it indicates that Food for Peace has hitherto been far more concerned with disposing of American surpluses than helping other countries grow more food. In any case it's wishful thinking to imagine that just pouring on more fertilizer will do the job. Yield of food per acre is shockingly low in most of the world's tropical and subtropical regions; licking the problem may call for, among other things, a new farm technology applicable to those areas. That means research on food production in tropical conditions, which is a job for the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization. Nor will new techniques do much good unless people are willing and able to apply them, and the people concerned are in many cases peons or sharecroppers who have no incentive to try new farming methods, because they are often treated as serfs or worse by big landowners. In many countries, especially in Latin America, radical land reforms and the opening of new lands to cultivation may be the necessary first step toward increased food production, but the former may involve major political upheavals. Any 1966 version of Food for Peace should take this possibility into account. Attaching ideological strings to a food aid program, whether to promote change or in an unwise bid to inhibit change, is apt to get the donor in trouble. As the world's most successful farmer this country certainly can and should help others to grow more food, but it would be a prudent move to channel as much as possible of such aid, if not actual food shipments, through the United Nations. That way, no one can say we are using our food to twist others' arms.

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Investment Abroad

The decision by the Federal Reserve Board to make credit dearer by raising the discount rate may damp down investment abroad as well as at home. The Fed acted to counter anticipated inflation, but it said that its move would also bolster the effort to overcome persistent deficits in the United States' balance of payments and would demonstrate anew the government's determination to maintain the international strength of the dollar. Simultaneously, the Administration announced a tightening of its program, initiated last February, under which major US corporations "voluntarily" scale down their overseas outlays.

To date, some 500 such companies have reported on their foreign expenditures; that number is to be increased to include all of the approximately 900 firms with investments abroad of $2 million or more. The Administration wants these investments or the reinvestment of unrepatriated foreign earnings reduced by $1 billion in 1966.

Most US investment and reinvestment overseas takes place in the highly developed countries. Thus, in 1964, $1.3 billion of the $3.8 billion total was in Europe. In the opinion of Secretary of the Treasury Fowler, "Our program to protect the balance of payments has not damaged the economies of [these] countries." What of other countries? Kenneth Hansen, former assistant director in the Bureau of the Budget and now a private executive, has recently regretted "rapid and unilateral elimination of the US balance of payments deficits." Will the so-called balance of payments "disciplines," he asks, "stultify our direct and indirect contributions to the less-developed countries?" He implies they will and urges instead that the US "break out of our current defensive and apologetic position and seek monetary reform on a basis which reflects truly and adequately our continued affirmative dedication to liberalized trade and payments."

Figures on the extent of the cutback by the 245 companies participating in the earlier phase of the Administration's program show that in 1964 they invested in developed countries (other than Canada) $1.8 billion, preponderantly in chemicals, petroleum products, machinery and transportation equipment. In the first quarter of '65, the investment figure was $587 million, which may have been exceptionally high because government restraint of some sort had been anticipated. That amount dropped to $367 million in the second quarter and $262 million in the third.

How will Europe be affected by the clamp-down? Italy has not yet recovered from severe internal restrictions imposed to meet its balance of payments problem, though the restrictions have produced a surplus on Italy's international account. The French economy had begun slowing down before the US undertook to cut back on foreign investment. In Germany, long-term bond yields have moved sharply up since February; public borrowings bear interest rates of nearly eight percent. The new US program envisages a foreign investment rate for US firms over the next two years averaging 35 percent higher than for 1962-64. What this really means, however, is *less* investment in 1966 than in 1965, since '65 was a year of exceptionally large dollar outflow. Perhaps the new US slowdown of dollars to foreign countries can be offset by action within their economies. If not, Great Societies may be postponed on both sides of the North Atlantic.

When the War Is Over

The Office of Economic Opportunity has been working on two imaginative proposals that could go a long way toward helping the unskilled and un- or underemployed. One is a mass job program; the other, a negative income tax. But the order of the day is one step backward, not two steps forward. Both proposals, therefore, will not be given serious consideration until Vietnam has relinquished its stranglehold on the Great Society.

The job program would entail spending $3 billion annually to fill one million badly needed service jobs in the public sector. For example, funds would be available to create jobs for aides in hospitals and clinics which can't afford them. It would pay for teachers' assistants. The President wants to get on with cleaning up air and water pollution. To do so, the government will have to finance the building of sewage disposal plants and see they are properly operated. More people can be employed to landscape highways, build new parks. The waterways are becoming as crowded as the highways with pleasure craft. The Coast Guard is stretched thin keeping an eye on them, and accidents are increasing. Thousands of people could be employed patrolling inland waters, making sure fish and game laws are observed, taking care of waterfronts and beaches. More police are needed in every city; their burden could be lightened by letting unskilled persons do some of the simpler jobs: meter maids and crosswalk guards are examples. Welfare departments are strapped for money to pay case workers. They should have aides who can go into homes on a daily basis helping uneducated and poor mothers with the children. This sort of labor can be done by unskilled people, by the young and the old. Already the poverty office has laid out pilot programs in these "human services."

The negative income tax would use the federal tax machinery to raise those at the bottom of the income ladder up a few steps, to at least the level of minimum decency. The idea has been proposed by, among others, Barry Goldwater's chief economic adviser, Dr.

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Milton Friedman. Under one version of this plan, Congress would set a yearly national income standard based on the amount of money a taxpayer would need to support himself and his family in minimal comfort. The taxpayer would file a declaration of estimated income for the coming year. Where income fell below the national income standard, monthly checks would make up the difference.

Along with the community action program, whose main aim is to revive democratic government in the slums, the jobs and negative tax proposals would give the poverty program an overall battle plan. But for the time both are on the back burner. The Office of Economic Opportunity now gets $1.5 billion a year to fight poverty. With the mounting claims of war, it may have to work hard to keep even that from being cut.

"Doc" Howe

The President's appointment of Harold Howe II as Commissioner of Education is, judging by performance, a fine choice. Howe, 47, has in recent years given himself wholly, intelligently and imaginatively to public education. He is, in his own words, a "pragmatic persuader," and an able one. A former history teacher, Mr. Howe was superintendent of schools at Scarsdale, New York, from 1960 to 1964. Lately, he has been executive director of the Learning Institute of North Carolina, a private organization set up by the state's former governor, Terry Sanford, to develop experimental educational programs that emphasize special tutorials for poor students. Although they said it couldn't be done in North Carolina, Mr. Howe did set up a successful boarding school for white and Negro boys, who were not achieving as they should, in a former Winston-Salem hospital. His move to Washington means, at the least, that the clearing away of cobwebs in the Office of Education will continue.

At his first press conference last week, the new Commissioner, not unexpectedly, sided with those who want the government to move vigorously to enforce laws requiring compliance in Southern schools with civil rights statutes. While making plain that he is not against neighborhood schools as such, he said it would be advisable to examine various ways of shifting Southern students to other schools. As for de facto segregation in the North, it would be a long and difficult business to find the mechanisms to break through the barriers, but that too must be done.

On paper the US Office of Education has had promises of compliance with desegregation laws from nearly all the South's 3,900 districts. But the gap between promise and practice is still wide. In the cities and towns, Negro students remain in separate and largely unequal schools. Federal funds have not been cut off, as the law allows in instances of noncompliance. In Chicago, when Francis Keppel sought to turn off federal school subsidies because of de facto school segregation, Mayor Daley went to the President and had the tap turned back on.

Mr. Keppel, who during the past few months has been acting both as Commissioner and Assistant Secretary in HEW, has known the new Commissioner since the time when Howe gave up a position as instructor at the prestigious Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., to become principal of Andover Public High School. The appointment frees Keppel to work on pulling together the government's $8.7 billion educational programs, now scattered among 43 different agencies. Keppel will be chairman of a new coordinating interagency committee set up by the President. He particularly wants to find out how different activities in the fields of Health, Education and Welfare can be drawn together to serve the school-age child. Although some have thought that in relinquishing his job as Commissioner of Education, Keppel was being kicked upstairs because of his outspokenness on civil rights and his advocacy of reforms of state education departments, Keppel is in fact still very much in charge.

Gaullist Succession

Although General de Gaulle has been elected President of France for another seven-year term, with 55 percent of the vote, his relations with the National Assembly will be harder to manage than before. French politics keep their regional pattern: a conservative east and northwest, a radical-Socialist-Communist north and southwest, and a nationalist Paris with a "Red belt." Ministers and politicians have begun to think of a future without The Leader. He had planned to change the present constitution by referendum: the office of a Vice President was to be created for M. Pompidou, now the Prime Minister or for some other de Gaulle favorite, so as to establish firmly what comes after. Since the General cannot safely rely on an outright majority any longer, the Gaullist succession is up in the air. The next general elections are in 1967. Party strife is bound to awake fully, and nothing will be the same.

In the Assembly the Pompidou government owes its narrow majority to the support of 38 deputies led by M. Giscard d'Estaing, the young and forceful Minister of Finance, who has become the key figure in the government. The Senate, which de Gaulle wanted to deprive of its power, has a majority against him. There François Mitterand, Senator for Nievre and the left-wing candidate whom de Gaulle beat in the run-off for the Presidency, is the man of influence.

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How To Fail in Negotiations Without Really Trying

There is a simple formula for proposing peace negotiations so as to assure failure, at the same time convincing most people that you are not trying to fail: (1) make clear that what is at stake is not a comparatively simple local issue but rather a virtually insoluble global issue; (2) draw into the negotiations as many protagonists of the global issue as possible, while excluding the parties directly involved in the local issue; and (3) allow no role for nonaligned states.

It does not make any difference which side of the global issue you are on. You can apply the formula equally well either way. Simply identify the cause of one of the parties to the local issue with your cause in the global issue. This automatically identifies the cause of the other party to the local issue with that of your adversary in the global issue.

Your adversary in the global issue is probably aware of the formula, and anxious to apply it. He, too, will want to ignore the local issue and the parties directly concerned with it. If that is his desire as well as yours, you are almost bound to fail in your proposals for peace negotiations. Not only that; you can blame your adversary for the failure!

Take South Vietnam. The local issue is how to establish a government in South Vietnam responsive to the wishes of the people, with authority over the entire country and free from foreign domination. Ignore this. It is not easy to resolve, of course, but it is not impossible. International organizations have moved in before to stop a conflict between factions within a country and to establish conditions for the formation of a workable government. If you concentrate on this issue – the establishment of a government for South Vietnam – negotiations for a cease-fire may succeed as they did recently in the Congo, Laos and Cyprus.

To steer everyone away from the local issue, eliminate from the peace negotiations at least one, and preferably both of the parties directly concerned: the government of South Vietnam (GSV) and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam (NLF). They draw their support from the people of South Vietnam and, indeed, are the only parties to the conflict purporting to represent the people of South Vietnam. If they both participate in the peace negotiations they might tend to focus negotiations on the local issue.

If you are associated with the GSV on the local issue, it is best not only to refuse to negotiate with the NLF, but also to make no mention of the GSV in your proposals. If you bring in one of the parties to the local struggle, you may enable your adversary to bring in the other. Chances are, though, that your adversary is just as anxious as you are to secure international recognition of his control over his protégé in the local struggle.

To disassociate your protégé from your proposals for peace negotiations requires some finesse. You do expect your protégé to do most of the fighting. His forces will suffer most of the casualties. Be sure he understands the elementary distinction that it is *his* war, but that it is *your* peace. If you ask your protégé to join with you in proposals for peace negotiations you will needlessly complicate the undertaking. He may want to take advantage of his involvement with the global issue to pursue some extraneous aims of his own.

In addition to diverting attention from the local issue, you must, of course, draw attention to the global issue; *i.e.*, whether Communism or free world democracy is to have ascendancy in the world. If you speak for a free world democracy, propose to negotiate an agreement recognizing the ascendancy of free world democracy. Conversely, if you speak for a Communist country be just as ready to propose an agreement recognizing the ascendancy of Communism. And there you will each be, trying hard to negotiate but up against each other's intransigence.

If you are pushed to the point of supporting the convocation of a large-scale peace conference, do so gracefully, but do not invite any nonaligned nations. Nonaligned nations not being committed to the cause either of Communism or of free world democracy cannot look at world problems realistically. They contend that they have a stake in peace, but they are not prepared to fight in the struggle to determine whether Communism or free world democracy is to be ascendant. Nonaligned states have a tendency to balance complaints by one side about the presence of foreign forces in South Vietnam against counter-complaints by the other side. They shy away from judgments as to which side is the aggressor. They may urge that all foreign forces be withdrawn and that the withdrawal be supervised by an impartial international force.

The device of supervised withdrawal of foreign forces was used in Suez and in the Congo. It is best to discourage its application to South Vietnam. For if all foreign forces were withdrawn, you would be left with only the GSV and the NLF in a military struggle and only the local issue of the establishment of a government for South Vietnam to be resolved. And, as already explained, you should avoid concentration on the local issue.

ARNOLD FRALEIGH

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Watch Out, Whitey

Negro Youth Gangs and Violence

by Lewis Yablonsky

Displaying a twisted smile of defiance, the Negro gang youth who had "done the thing" during the Watts riots, told me: "Our 'weekend activity' [Negro gang fighting] has stopped for a while. I don't know whether we'll ever fight each other again. We're all tight [close together] now. Most of us now know that Whitey is our only real enemy." This may be a unique comment by one gang boy, or it may be a prophecy of a new style of gang behavior. Negro gangs that fought each other on weekends may train their sights – if not a few rifles – on the "real enemy."

The phrase "burn – baby – burn," a chant expressed by a Negro Los Angeles disc jockey was considered, before the riot, simply a "hip" comment. The rioters picked it up as a slogan and acted it out. The first night of the riot, gang members in Watts, like other Negroes, met casually in their hangouts to observe the scene. When the imminent holocaust began to clarify itself, the outside enemy becoming apparent, a destructive camaraderie developed; gang youths banded together; many former gang enemies became partners in the looting.

Some intricacies of the Negro gang were revealed to me by 10 Negro youths who participated in the riot. Here are some of the things I learned:

► Gangs were not tight cohesive entities, but an impending battle could produce several hundred members from their own territory.

► Gang leaders were "big men" in the neighborhood and well-known.

► Although these boys were not book readers, one of James Baldwin's comments seemed to fit their emotional condition: "To be a Negro in this country and to be relatively conscious is to be in a rage almost all the time."

► They deeply hated *all* white men. I asked them, "How can you hate me when you don't even know me?" Two told me my white face was all they needed.

► "Social workers don't know what the hell they are doing and cause more trouble than help." There was a uniform attitude that people trying to do social work in the neighborhood who lived outside were "fools," to be exploited as much as possible. (Several weeks after the riot a white social-welfare worker was shot twice by a 19-year-old Negro gang youth.)

► There is a greater solidarity in the Negro youth community today than in the past.

► There may be another riot soon. A next move is being discussed. It appears that these youth will not be able to go back to the old, false and pre-riot rationale of self-hatred. The tie is blood, the foe now is Whitey – "the man who put us in this rotten prison."

In the modern disorganized slum, the gang has been for many Negro youths their only source of identity, status and emotional satisfaction. Ill-trained to participate with any degree of success in the dominant middle-class world of rigid ideas, community centers and adult demands, they construct their own community. They set goals that are achievable; they build an empire, partly real and partly fantasy, that helps them live through the confusion of adolescence.

The gang member is not, from his point of view, attacking anyone when he fights with a gang. He is defending himself or getting even with the "white devil." A young Negro mixed up in a brutal gang killing describes his uncontrollable need to go along this way: "I started thinking about it inside; then I have my mind made up I'm not going to be in no gang. Then I go on inside. Something comes up, then here comes all my friends coming to me. Like I said before, I'm intelligent and so forth. They be coming to me – then they talk to me about what they gonna do. Like, 'Man we'll go out here and kill this guy'. I say, 'Yeah'. They kept on talking and talking. I said, 'Man, I just gotta go with you'. Myself, I don't want to go, but when they start talking about what they gonna do, I say, 'So, he isn't gonna take over my rep. I ain't gonna let him be known more than me'. And I go ahead just for selfishness."

No one is going to take away his hard-won status in the only situation in which he feels capable of success. He will kill if need be to maintain his position of self-styled integrity in the gang.

For the Negro youngster growing up in places like Watts or Harlem, the schools, community centers, even the modern Job Corps are foreign lands with values and expectations beyond him. He doesn't understand their demands (scheduled activities, forms, dues) or

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have the skills to join in their activities. The demands for performance and responsibility in the violent gang, however, are readily adapted to his personal needs. Usually, the criteria for membership are vague. In many gangs, a youth can say he belongs one day and quit the next without necessarily telling any other gang member. Some boys say that the gang is organized for protection and that one role of a gang member is to fight. How, when, with whom and for what reason he is to fight have in the past been unclear. However, the civil rights fight has given clear focus to the Negro gang boys' feelings. The gang provides a vehicle for consolidating hurt feelings. Among the "sanctioned" opportunities the gang provides a youth in his confused search for "success" are robbing and assault. Other ways to Nirvana include alcohol, drug addiction and thrill-seeking kicks based on assault and violence. If only in caricature, he can become a "success" and at the same time strike back at society.

"Kicks" have a very special meaning here. In extreme, the main purpose of life for the "cat" is to experience the "kick." A "kick" seems to be any act tabooed by "squares" that exaggerates and intensifies the present moment of experience. "Kicks" provide a temporary relief from boredom. Senseless violence or drugs can produce this change of feeling. As one gang boy expressed it: "If I didn't get my 'kicks' I'd just as soon be dead."

In the violent gang, he can become a gang president, or war lord, control vast domains and generally act out a powerful even though fantasized success image. The boys can mutually expand the degree of their shared and highly valued success by reinforcing each other's fantasies of power.

The unwritten contractual agreement is, "Don't call my bluff and I won't call yours"; "I'll support your big man gang image if you'll support mine." This lends prestige to all involved in the "charade." Aside from real addiction common among Negro youths, the violent gang can serve as a social narcotic. No special ability is required to commit violence – not even a plan – and the guilt connected with it is minimized by the gang code of approval – especially if the violence fulfills the gang's idealized standards of a swift, sudden and senseless outbreak. ("A knife or a gun makes you 10 feet high.")

But a homicide or assault in the gang picture frame with a "I got Whitey" thrown in is much more valid than the outburst of a psychotic mind. It provides a cloak of self-immunity. And although these emotionally disturbed youths may only be a handful in a rioting mob that has other motives, they are both sparks and generators.

Some Negro youths who committed a brutal gang homicide several years ago expressed themselves in the following words:

"I didn't want to be like . . . you know, different from the other guys. Like they hit him, I hit him. In other words, I didn't want to show myself as a punk."

"It makes you feel like a big shot. You know, some guys think they're big shots and all that. They think, you know, they got the power to do everything they feel like doing. They say, like 'I wanna stab a guy'. And then the other guy says, 'Oh, I wouldn't dare do that'. You know, he thinks I'm acting like a big shot. That's the way he feels. He probably thinks in his mind, 'Oh, he probably won't do that'. Then, when we go to a fight, you know, he finds out what I do."

"I didn't have a knife, if I would of get a knife, I would have stabbed him. That would have gave me more of a buildup. People would have respected me for what I've done and things like that. They would say, 'There goes a cold killer'."

The Ones You're Against

Although there is some evidence that the violent gang pattern is disapproved on the surface by the members' parents, it may be encouraged by them on a covert level. There are many cases of minority group parents, and this was seen in the Watts riots, consciously and unconsciously provoking their children to "get the bastards."

Racial prejudice, however, is not always clear-cut in the gang world. This is partially shown by a white gang boy who came to see me when I was working with gangs in New York City back in 1955. He entered my office very excited and told me how on the previous evening a very dark-complexioned ("He was Negro") man in his twenties had approached him and tried to draft him into a gang. The Negro attempting to draft the white youth said (in a Spanish accent): "We want everyone around here to join our gang so we can burn [kill] all the niggers."

The complexity of discrimination in the gang is evidenced here. The drafter, who was both Negro and Puerto Rican (depending on his self – or other definition), was trying to disassociate himself from any Negro background by becoming a Puerto Rican who hated Negroes. Gang activity was his special escape from the discriminatory "box" in which society had placed him.

In another case it was not a matter of skin color, but retaliation against the unfair majority group. As told by Professor James Coleman in his book on *Contemporary Social Problems:* "A young mathematician from England was recently at the University of Chicago for a short period. When he was walking across the

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Midway, he was accosted by several Negro boys who demanded his wallet. He objected, one of them produced a knife, and they led him over toward bushes beside the walk. The ensuing conversation went something like this, according to his later account: One boy said, 'Come on, now, give us your wallet, or we'll have to get tough with you'. He replied, 'Look here, I don't want to give up my wallet to you. Besides, I've just arrived here from England, and I don't think this is the way to treat someone who's a visitor here'. The boys looked at one another, and then one said, 'Oh. We thought you were one of those white guys,' and they quickly went away.

"To these Negro boys, 'white guys' had nothing to do with skin color per se, for the English mathematician was white. 'White guys' were their fellow community members, the whites from whom they felt alienated because there had been no processes to create common identity between them, only those creating hostility. The Englishman was not a 'white guy' against whom a reserve force of hostility had been built up."

Recognized Negro leaders have had little meaningful communication with or control over the violent minority. An exhaustive FBI report on the summer riots of 1964 in nine cities concluded that: "In most of the communities, respected Negro and other civic leaders, clergymen and public officials made every effort to halt the riots. Many of them went to the scene of the riot at considerable personal risk, others made strong statements which were published in the press or went on television and radio, urging the restoration of order without apparent effect.

"In almost all cases only massive and vigorous police action or the arrival of state police or the national guard finally brought about a termination of the riots and the restoration of law and order."

The Watts experience revealed something quite special: "Whitey's cops" were vulnerable. They had to call out the Army, in direct contradiction to Los Angeles Police Chief Parker's incendiary comment: "We're on top and they're on bottom." The Negro gang youths I interviewed feel very much on top of the lawman.

And what has the official power structure of Los Angeles learned from the holocaust? There are pious pronouncements about the need for more jobs, welfare funds and rebuilding the community. All true. But have any of these programs ever come close to the hard-core gang youth who need attention? And even if they could, once the immediate guilt for the riot no longer grips the conscience of the White establishment, its leaders drift back to the same political battlegrounds and bureaucratic mazes that tie up both money and people who might be of help. The police look straight into the TV camera and ask, "Where are the complaints of police brutality?" They do this knowing full well that most victims of police indignities either feel they deserve to be insulted, are afraid to complain or don't really know how to get through the paperwork. The sheer physical structure of a police station or city hall represents an ominous threat to most Negroes.

The Irrelevant Commission

Another inept response is the "commission" investigation. There are about four such groups currently operating in Los Angeles. Most commission members are political appointees who have a limited comprehension of the deeply buried and complex social-psychological forces that produce riots. Not one of the four commissions has on it a sociologist or a psychologist. None of these "blue-ribbon" commissions has one member (even the usual token Negro appointee) who knows the neighborhood scene or has *the ability to communicate directly* with the core rioter – the gang youth turned into a defender and hero of the race struggle by his violence.

What is needed is honest, open and direct communication with the people who help to incite and may perpetuate the riot condition: Some kind of forum where the young gang man strangling on his status-violence-whitey-hatred-syndrome can tell the well-insulated investigators the truth. In reverse the politicians (and from the gang youth's view, the "poverty cats") have to come to terms directly with people they mistakenly categorize and treat as subservient clients.

Phony "window dressing" commissions and temporary political gestures that have appeared in the wake of the Watts riots keep misunderstanding on the boil. The Negro community clearly sees these sideshows in their true light and becomes more outraged. The main answer seems to lie in some greater knowledge and understanding of the Negro gang youth, and the foot-on-his neck problem that he encounters. If these forces of knowledge and action are not put in motion soon, we will be hit by conflagrations that won't be acted out simply in the Negro community.

COMING: *New Radicals speak for themselves – third in a series of personal statements*

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Small Business in Search of Loans

by David Sanford

The Small Business Administration, which used to give loans to small businesses, has run out of money for the sixth time in its ten-year history, is accepting no new business loan applications, and has cut back other programs. The reasons given for the "moratorium" are unprecedented demand for business loans, and Hurricane Betsy. The hurricane has cost $90 million in disaster loans, but a $160 million supplemental appropriation by Congress was still not enough to avert stoppage of SBA programs. When Senator John Sparkman (D, Ala.) called Ross D. Davis, the executive administrator of the SBA before his Senate Select Committee on Small Business to find why the agency is having so many problems, he learned very little. Didn't you get the appropriation you asked for from Congress last year? asked Sparkman. Yes, thank you, we got everything we wanted, replied Davis. Did you come to Congress to request a supplemental appropriation to enable you to continue your loan programs? No. Are you going to ask for a larger appropriation next year so this doesn't happen again? I don't know.

SBA's poverty will also have its effect on Negro businessmen. It has always been difficult for a Negro to get a loan to improve or expand an existing business. For a Negro to get money to start a new business in most cases has been completely out of the question. "Minority-group people are just not bankable," said a Small Business Administration official. "They have nothing to talk to a bank about. They greet questions about collateral with 'What's collateral?' and the banker immediately loses interest."

When Eugene Foley was appointed Administrator of the SBA in 1963, the agency discovered the Negro. Foley inaugurated the so-called "6-by-6" program, a scheme to make loans of up to $6,000 available for periods of up to 6 years. Character rather than collateral became the principal criterion in evaluating loan applications. Prospects of repayment replaced traditional hard banking judgments. Small Business Development Centers were set up, first in Philadelphia, and later in New York, Washington and Camden, N. J., to help applicants fill out necessary forms and give them management training and counseling. The centers weeded out the frivolous and gave tips on advertising, display of merchandise and bookkeeping which in some cases obviated the need for a loan. Under "6-by-6" SBA approved 286 loans totaling more than $1.2 million in 1964. The program was considered so successful that it was incorporated in the Poverty War (in Title IV of the Economic Opportunity Act) with provision for still larger loans and longer pay-back periods. The Office of Economic Opportunity earmarked $3 million to set up Small Business Development Centers and SBA set aside $25 million from its revolving loan fund for the first year's operations.

Hundreds of proposals have been submitted for SBDC's but officials have had to discourage most of them for lack of funds. For example, Sen. Sparkman mentioned at the recent Small Business Committee hearing that at least six communities in his own state had requested SBDC's but had been turned down. (By last week only 35 of the centers had been set up in 19 states and the District of Columbia.) Since there is a policy of "no SBDC, no loan," potential applicants in the remaining states are out in the cold.

The Washington, D. C. Center set up two branch offices when it discovered that those who came to inquire about loans and other services all lived within a mile radius of the Development Center. This either shows a lack in publicizing and soliciting for the program or the need for a vastly expanded network of Centers. Ghetto SBDC's are not equipped to reach out to an entire city and not permitted to extend services to outlying rural areas and small towns, where nearly all business is small business and where poverty is prevalent. Rural areas, Sen. Sparkman noted, have been neglected by the program.

More alarming still is evidence that in the South, however many poor people are benefiting from the program, not many of them are Negroes. The national rate of participation by Negroes is about 40 percent. In Corinth, Mississippi, the only SBDC in the state has dispensed 33 loans amounting to $645,000, and not one of them has gone to a Negro.

Negro business has never been terribly prosperous. A preponderance of Negro business is ghetto business established originally to provide services (haircuts, restaurant meals, funerals, real estate) which were not available to Negroes from the white community. (Last summer Howard University made a count of Negro-owned and operated businesses in the Washington, D. C., metropolitan area. Of approximately 12,300 businesses 1,534 were owned by Negroes. Of these a large majority were service operations – beauty salons,

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barber shops, service stations, restaurants, cleaners, real estate and funeral homes. Service businesses also cost less to start and less to operate on a day-to-day basis since they do not depend on expensive inventories of merchandise.) Now many Negroes shop outside the ghetto and marginal ghetto operations have a hard time competing with more prosperous white merchants. Some businesses were established simply to provide employment for their owners. But few have made a killing in business. Yet for many Negroes business continues to be the only alternative to unemployment or the underground. And without help it will probably never become a truly viable alternative.

Eugene Foley, who has left the SBA to become an Assistant Secretary of Commerce and director of economic development, predicts that if anything, there are likely to be fewer Negro businesses in ten years than there are now, but not because the ghetto and the distinction between white and Negro enterprise will disappear. Rather, he feels that as the walls of segregation are lowered and the income of Negroes improves, there will be great business opportunities awaiting exploitation that will be snapped up by "profit-smelling" white businessmen.

The poverty of the SBA is having an unfortunate effect on the poverty loan program. Title IV of the Economic Opportunity Act, approved in August 1964, provides for long-term, low-interest business loans for poor people or for persons who agree to hire the poor. In November, SBA quietly decided to curtail the program by restricting loans solely to the poor and by reducing the amounts of the loans. The change in policy will have the effect of eliminating from eligibility for any federal or private loan program a class of very small businessmen, many of them Negroes, who cannot meet SBA's strict income definition of poverty but who are, like virtually all Negro businessmen, in some sense impoverished. Take the case of Reginald Hart.

Very Small Businessmen

Reginald Hart was a salesman and ultimately the manager of a chain shoe store in Cleveland. After five years with the firm the 26-year-old Negro decided to go into business for himself in Washington, D. C. He tried to interest investors or get a partner who could put up the necessary initial capital but found no takers. He tried to get a bank loan but was told that he had to be worth $45,000 to borrow $15,000, and he had only about a thousand dollars in the bank. So he went to the Small Business Administration, which grants loans only to persons who have been unable to secure loans from other sources. Hart had very little collateral and therefore could not qualify for SBA's regular business loan program. And he was not, at least by SBA definition, poor. But he said he would hire two bona fide poor people to work in his store if SBA would give him the $20,000 he needed to get the business started. Hart had to wait nearly a year for the bureaucratic wheels to turn (the first Economic Opportunity loans were approved last April), but he got his money. And he got his shoe store. If Hart were to apply today for the same loan he would be turned down, because SBA will no longer approve a loan unless the applicant (in the case of a single man) makes less than $2,310 a year. Even if Hart were to qualify he could not get so large a loan; the maximum loan now is $15,000.

SBA officials say that under the new policy the agency will be able to give out more loans with the modest $25 million allocated for the poverty loan program for this fiscal year, and it will be able to give them directly to the people who need the help. But this is not the only interpretation that can be given to the action. Critics contend that very few applicants for the Title IV assistance will now be able to qualify at all. (Seventy percent of the loans approved by SBA prior to the policy change went to persons agreeing to hire the poor, not to the poor themselves.) Add to this the fact that the program has never been more than a token effort (744 loans approved by December 14 totaling $9 million) and there doesn't seem to be much of a program left.

SBA was created a decade ago for the purpose of closing what was referred to as the "credit gap" – the difficulty small businessmen had in securing long-term loans from banks. But, according to Berkeley Burrell, president of the (Negro) National Business League, prior to 1963 "we were hard pressed to find the names of five Negroes who had gotten SBA loans in the entire history of the agency."

To SBA a small business is one grossing less than a million dollars a year. There are about 4.7 million such businesses in the United States. SBA pretty much ignored the "small small business," the one whose only contribution to the national economy is the support it gives to its owner and his family. SBA's primary interest before 1963, and in some of its programs now, was in loans to companies which show promise of growing to serve a regional market, which produce a new product or process. Most Negro businesses are not in this category. There are relatively few Negro businesses and the majority of the shops, even in ghetto areas, are owned by whites. (The Harlem and Watts riots have been attributed in part to Negroes' feeling that nothing belongs to them. Some of the businesses that escaped looting and burning in Watts had signs in their windows identifying them as "soul brothers" or "Negro owned.") Those Negro businesses that there are, traditionally have barely supported their owners. The change in SBA policy to exclude those who don't meet rigid income criteria means that there will continue to be a credit gap.

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AMERICA–1965

The Hidden Meaning of "Consensus"

by Henry Fairlie

I have tried, during my first visit to the United States, to resist the temptation to answer Crevecoeur's question: "What then is the American, this new man?" After all, it is growing a little late in the day to come across the Atlantic, as William Empson bitingly said in 1832, "to quiz the rustics through an opera lorgnette." I have found the American, as I expected, foreign: otherwise, I am not sure I could identify "the American."

What I could not anticipate was that I would see America for the first time during a year which must, by any reckoning, be counted exceptional in its life, or in the life of any other nation. The disadvantage has been obvious: I have never been able to be sure whether what I was seeing was exceptional to this year and, again and again, I am likely to lay myself open to rebuke on exactly this score. But there has been an advantage, too: Americans themselves have been forced to ask themselves some of the questions which I have been asking as a visitor. Had this year been an end – of the "unfinished business" of a generation? Or has it been a beginning – of what Oscar Gass anticipates as a society "not without a certain greatness, and not necessarily incompatible with a kind of human dignity"?

It is now being suggested – it is already almost the conventional wisdom – that America's domestic opportunities are solely the result of its domestic prosperity: more exactly, of the regular growth of its Gross National Product, and of the management of demand within the terms which that growth sets. This is all very well: no one is going to deny the importance of the "new political economy," and most of us would be ready to write a piece about the uplifting benefits of the tax cuts. The trouble, quite simply, is that it does not get one very far. This "new political economy" already exists, or is being brought into being, in most of the countries of Western Europe, but with political consequences which are quite unlike those which suggest themselves as probable in the United States.

The brilliantly managed economy of France – the Fourth Republic's ironic legacy to its successor – has produced no political structure, no political activity, other than the rather grand but irrelevant designs of Charles de Gaulle. The failure of French politics has never – in the 200 years during which they have persistently failed – seemed more ominous; and the omens are scarcely disguised by the fact that French society – the French economy – has seldom been stronger. The French have always been able to survive the failure of their politics because they have lived on a farm, and it is no different now that the farm is mechanized: France's clocks still do not chime with this century.

This failure of a strong economic base – of the "new political economy" – to produce any comparably strong or significant politics is even more obvious in West Germany. Its recent elections were almost meaningless: the two main parties campaigning for "safety first," and the incumbent "safety firsters" winning. The politics of West Germany – as of so much of Western Europe – has become the politics of keeping the trough full: a rising Gross National Product seems to have produced only a rising gross national appetite.

In Britain, there are forces which have resisted, and still are resisting, the successful introduction of the "new political economy." Indeed, it is one of the difficult paradoxes of Britain's current condition that the forces which are disputing the premises of the "new political economy," which are delaying its economic recovery, may be the very forces which will eventually save its politics from inertia and selfishness. It is just possible – one can only hope – that, once again, she may be in the process of losing every battle except the last.

The promise of this year in America, then, seems to me to lie exactly here: in the first inkling that the "new political economy," the managed economies of the West, can produce a rewarding political life. If I am right, it will not be the first time, in 190 years, that the fate of democracy has seemed to be bound up with the fate of America; it will not be the first time that the world has looked to America (in Herman

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Melville's words) as "the land of requital and redress." The political genius of the American people is about to make another of its significant contributions to the world, to political ideas and practice.

The fact about the American people which has impressed me most is the height of their expectations. It is their expectations aroused by political leadership, and political leadership in turn aroused to meet their expectations, which are supplying their politics with what is most obviously lacking in Europe: a comprehensive motive. (If it were not for its saving empiricism, one might even call it an ideology.) To put it more precisely, I think that, if the language of political debate in America during the past year is studied closely, it will be found that it has been concerned not only with the "satisfaction of felt needs" – a limited and sterile concept of the purposes of political action, which has produced the "welfare states" of Western Europe – but with the awakening of hitherto unfelt needs, of new expectations.

One should, perhaps, *a priori* have expected this, for there are several circumstances working to produce this kind of politics in America.

First, the very fact that America has come late to the disposal of its "unfinished business" is an advantage. It is in a position to take a leap beyond mere "welfare" concepts of social policy, which are all that liberal and democratic political thought has produced since T. H. Green's *Principles of Political Obligation*. America is setting about the reordering of its own society, not only less encumbered with these out-of-date concepts than are other comparable nations, but at a time when technology and, of course, the "new political economy" are combining to create higher expectations and make their gratification possible. To find this will to better one's society when it is already enjoying conditions of abundance is a rare political event, of real significance.

Secondly, the very size of the problems with which the Americans are confronted is an advantage. They cannot tackle the problem of poverty without becoming involved in profound social and moral questions about race – which in turn provoke even more profound questions about the nature of their political community. They cannot tackle the problem of education without raising in its most acute form the conflict between "quantity" and "quality" – a conflict which can be skirted by countries with smaller populations. They cannot tackle the problem of modern cities without facing immediate and difficult questions about the jurisdictions and responsibilities of its enormous variety of political institutions – which then raise the largest issues of popular sovereignty. At very few points, in short, can the Americans attend to their domestic concerns solely by social "management." Almost all of them raise deep questions about political – and even moral – rights and duties: the kind of questions which, when posed and answered, tend to produce a different kind of politics from that which passed muster before.

Thirdly, American politics must be increasingly influenced by America's position in the world. I have been struck, during my visit, by how much Americans care for the good opinion of the world – perhaps too much. (There is a part of the intellectual community – the *New York Review of Books*, its fluted voice – which still appears to regard Europe as "superior," to accept Harold Macmillan's pale joke about Europeans being "the Greeks to your Romans.") But, by and large, the Americans' concern is simply for the good name of their country – and therefore for its good performance – and it is a concern which must affect, and nourish, its domestic politics.

But it goes deeper than that. In its position as the leader of the free world, America is bound to try to find an answer to the claims of Communism. This is not a matter – as is so often suggested – simply of bringing aid to the underdeveloped countries, of helping their economies. It is a matter of demonstrating the superior *relevance* of the American ideology: again, I find the word hard to avoid. What is more America is in an exceptionally favorable position to do just this. Most visitors to America feel, below the surface of its politics, the strength of its revolutionary tradition: my experience of this year suggests to me that the Americans may be about to call upon it.

If this revolutionary impulse is at work, one would expect to find evidence of it in the political process itself, before finding it in actual policies: and there, indeed, most strikingly one will find it.

Doctrine of the Mandate

Too little attention, I think, has been paid to a rather primitive exploration – exploitation, even – of the doctrine of the mandate. The mandate – as 19th-Century English conservatives knew, condemning it as a Jacobinical concept – is a revolutionary instrument, not only because of the power which it confers on the elected executive, but because it is an instrument which can be most effectively used by the activists in a party, by those with an intense and exceptional interest in political action, who are therefore willing to find the time to control its organizations, and to control them usually for specific ends.

Hitherto, of course, and for obvious reasons, the mandate has counted for little in American politics, and the discussion of it is noticeably absent from American political literature. With the utmost hesitation, and fully aware of the rebukes which I am inviting, I would suggest that the doctrine of the popular mandate (used to secure commitment to specific policies)

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is about to come into play in the American political process; and that its development will coincide with the increasing "urbanization" of American politics.

The popular mandate has been the "sleeper" in a constitution based on the most far-reaching concepts of popular sovereignty. Given that the President is "the one national official who is, in a substantial sense, elective by the people as a whole," and given the extent of the discretionary and residual powers which are available to him, it is not difficult to imagine the consequences if the full potentialities of the mandate were to be exploited through the Presidency. Insofar as the effective working of the American political system depends on the energy of the Presidential leadership, that leadership itself could be energized by the exploitation of the mandate.

An example is to be found in the origins of the Democratic Party's present commitment to civil rights. Hubert H. Humphrey's speech at the Democratic National Convention in 1948, which led to the walk-out of the Southern Democrats, was an almost classic example of the opportunities implicit in the mandate. When, at the same convention, President Truman then backed the report on civil rights, in whose favor Humphrey had been speaking, the thing was done. It was, as C. Vann Woodward has said, "the first real crack" in what had up till then been "a national consensus" between North and South; and, since then, the national Democratic Party has fought no election without a strong civil rights plank in its platform. Other factors – political, economic and social – have been at work. But it is folly to ignore the way in which the precise political lever of a party mandate (then made a popular mandate) was used.

Indeed, from the moment he erupted into Minnesota politics, Humphrey seems to me to have made more self-conscious use of the idea of the mandate than any other American politician: and, whatever else one may make of him, it is this which still gives the strong impression of a modern politician. Explaining to Theodore H. White why he made a bid for the Democratic nomination in 1960, he said: "Even if I didn't make it, I'd be able to do two things: first, condition the entire political climate of the campaign and then, second, *we* would write the platform and, whoever was the nominee, *he* would have to accept it. . . ." There could hardly be a more dramatic assertion of the power and meaning of the mandate.

It will not be possible for much longer to neglect the platforms which are adopted at the party conventions, to dismiss them with the old jest that they are something to run on, but not to stand on. The platform which was adopted at the Democratic National Convention November 1964 was detailed and precise – and is now, for the most part, the law of the land. It is shortsighted to give *all* the credit for the size of the Democratic majorities last November to Barry Goldwater. The platform on which the Democrats went to the country had a massive popular appeal, and it had been struck from a party whose members have been learning, for some years now, to use the direct – mandating – processes which are available to them inside their party organization.

Rank-and-File Pressure

If what I am saying is questioned, I would draw attention to two other aspects. First, I do not see how the voting records of the freshmen Congressmen can be explained except in the terms I have been using. Talk to any of them, talk to the majority leaders who have been watching over them, talk to those in the White House who are responsible for its liaison with Congress – and they are all agreed that the freshmen's main hope of returning to Capitol Hill is support for President Johnson, by which they mean support for his domestic program, by which they mean support of what Carl Albert politely reminded me is "the program, not of the President, but of the party." If it is not the power of the mandate one feels in all this, I do not know what it is.

Secondly, I do not see how one can appreciate the importance of the citizens' groups and committees in the Democratic Party without noticing that their main interest – their main method – is the mandating, first, of the party and, then, of the nation's leadership to specific policies. To this extent, the passing of liberal activism in the Democratic Party from the rather elite – and now rather faded – Americans for Democratic Action to the much more obviously rank-and-file citizens' groups is part of the same process. For, wherever one finds the idea of the mandate being exploited, one will find the rank and file of a party exerting its influence.

For this reason, too, it seems to me a mistake to dismiss the success of the campaign for Goldwater's nomination as a phenomenon of only fringe interest, as a coup by one wing of the party. It was a formidable exercise – by the rank and file, for the rank and file – in mandating a party convention. Goldwater was, in an important sense, a figurehead of a significant assertion of democracy inside the Republican Party; and nothing, in the whole weird story, was more illuminating than the way in which the established leaders were still trying to fix things from the top, while the convention was being mandated from below.

The mandate, of course, works two ways. Just as it can be used to commit the party leadership – and, therefore, the Administration, if the election is won – so the party leadership feels the compulsion to commit the party rank and file. It naturally wishes to be in front, to make its leadership clear, to prevent a rank-

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and-file takeover. This is the second impetus which the mandate creates, and it is a direct expression of the phenomenon I noticed above: of the way in which a people's expectations can be aroused by political leadership, and political leadership in turn aroused to meet their expectations. The two impulses act – and then go on reacting – on each other.

Even a few glimpses of the way in which the Administration – from the White House, through the Bureau of the Budget, through the endless departments and agencies, and back through the Bureau of the Budget again – is at work in preparing next year's legislative program suggests to me that something much more important is providing the impetus than an exceptionally active Presidential leadership. When Richard Goodwin (speaking before he left the White House) pleaded with intellectuals to come up with ideas which the Administration could lift into its program, he was no doubt concerned, in part, with the good of the nation. But it is hardly a slight to say that he cannot have been entirely unconcerned with the compulsion on the party leadership to provide an active program.

For in the arms of the Presidency lie perfect instruments for the exploitation of the power of the mandate. Goodwin's speech was important precisely because it unconsciously exposed the two-way process which must grow when the powers of the Presidency are associated with the power of a popular mandate, which compels it to go on – and on – prescribing specific programs to meet the heightened expectations of the electors and party activists.

Even at the most crucial point, the relationship between President and Congress, I think the influence of the doctrine of the mandate can be detected. One would expect that influence to take the form of an increasing expectation on the part of the people that Congress will not obstruct the passing of the mandated Presidential program, and an increasing sensitivity on the part of Congress to the accusation that it is guilty of such obstruction. So, one observes how President Truman was able to turn the behavior of Congress into a successful campaign issue; how, under President Eisenhower, there developed a close cooperation with Congress (he used the weekly meeting with congressional leaders, even when the political complexion of Congress shifted against him), so that it was sometimes difficult to be sure whether the country was being governed from Capitol Hill or the White House; how, in 1961, President Kennedy struck immediately to secure the essential alterations in the procedures of the Rules Committee; how then, for the first time, the President's liaison with Congress was institutionalized, was focused in an actual department in the White House; and how, under President Johnson, that department had so firmly established itself and its usefulness that every President will surely imitate it. I realize, of course, that I have observed the President's relations with Congress in an exceptional situation: but I am not convinced that their character will seem so exceptional in the future. If I am risking rebuke by advancing these opinions on the basis of my first encounter with American politics, are not others risking rebuke by neglecting the precise constitutional implications of a politics increasingly geared to federal activity and federal money and increasingly responsive to the need of the electors in the cities – both of them developments which tend to produce more and more "activism," and therefore more and more willingness to explore the power of the mandate?

What's Behind "Consensus"?

New words rarely add anything to the political vocabulary, and they often disguise what could be better represented by older words. It is not surprising, therefore, that no one has been able to give any meaning to the word "consensus." The Americans have had to invent it simply because they are unused to the word "mandate."

"Consensus" is a word designed to conceal. It is a conservative word. It is, if I may say so, having some proprietary right in the phrase, an "Establishment" word. What it tries to imply is that nothing exceptional is happening: that what has been achieved by precise (possibly new; possibly revolutionary) political methods has, instead, "just growed" – out of the goodness of heart, one is left to suppose, of big business and labor, of the cities and the countryside, of rich and poor. Politics requires more effort than that. What Mr. Johnson secured in November 1964 was a popular mandate, not only for himself, but for his party; whatever the exceptional circumstances in which the nation conferred that mandate, the specific program which was included in the mandate had been built up by perfectly normal processes inside the Democratic Party; the year since has seen only the exploitation of what the party prepared.

The hidden meaning of "consensus" is, quite simply, the mandate. The "sleeper" in a constitution which is based on popular sovereignty has been awakened: the results for democratic practice and thought everywhere can only be remarkable.

But what has been achieved? This seems to me a rather pointless question so early in the day. Policies are not intended to produce results so easily, and are usually misguided if they do. But, again, it is most profitable to fix one's eyes on the institutions.

To any outsider, the diversity of America's political institutions is breathtaking. A newcomer, especially, as he crosses the border line from state to state, as he moves from large cities to small, as he embroils himself in an election to a school board in Boston or

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the beginnings of a primary in Virginia, begins to think that he has entered a Never-Never-Land of political invention. Halfway through my visit, baffled by experiences, I returned to the Constitution of the United States, and even to Corwin's commentary on it. I could only wonder at the fertility and imagination with which a single political text has been exploited.

Now the nation is at it again. It provides the federal government with a mandate for a huge extension of its activity; the federal government, taking it at its word, provides itself with a huge balance of federal funds to support this activity – and what happens? The federal government proceeds to distribute the funds in a diversity of novel and even mysterious ways. And what is the result of that? Battles everywhere for the control, say, of the poverty program: battles which, to some, seem depressing, but which are surely full of exciting promise, because they make it clear that the search for new institutions to meet new needs is not ended. The time to worry about a poverty program would be if there were no battles for its control, if no established political bodies felt themselves threatened, if no one wanted a hand in the till. Then, indeed, one could be sure the thing was a hoax.

The battle between Chicago and the federal government about the integration of public schools has focused attention on yet another institution, for federal guidelines are themselves becoming a political "institution," a kind of administrative law generated inside the bureaucracy. Again, one notices the working out of a popular mandate: the mandate creating an act, the act generating the guidelines, the original political will becoming at each stage more – not less – emphatic. The American people, although they have made up their minds about desegregation, have reached no decision about integration: I do not think that the question of integration has yet been posed to them at an election. But the power of the mandate, exploited through the power of the Presidency, is such that an undoubted mandate for desegregation, which is in the Civil Rights Acts has been interpreted so widely in some of the guidelines that it has become a mandate for integration.

Not Just Unfinished Business

It is the exploration of new institutions during this year which seems to me to justify the assertion that the revolutionary impulse in the American political tradition is again at work: that it is on the verge of redefining its political community. The "reshaping of the historic relationships of our federal structure" – which is talked about overtly inside the Administration wherever one encounters new thinking about new problems – is bound to come, calling into play a whole range of new coalitions of interests. And it is this fact which makes me reject the two other common interpretations of the achievements of this year: either that what has been done is simply what has been waiting to be done since 1948; or that all that remains is a period of "digestion," of administration of the existing legislation. To summarize it as plainly as possible, at the risk of oversimplification:

1. At the top, the nomination and election of a President will increasingly be associated with committing him and his party to specific policies. The rank and file of the parties – as the urbanization of American politics continues – will become more and more interested in, and more and more adept at, exploiting the mandate through the party conventions.

2. This urbanization must, of itself, increase the demand for Presidential activity: the cry that "something must be done" is a city and not a country cry. It will grow louder and louder.

3. The compulsion of this new politics may already be detected inside the Administration, and in ways which ensure that it will not entirely lose its force, even under the most lethargic Presidency. The Bureau of the Budget, for example, will never entirely lose its activist attitude: it has developed collective techniques and instincts, which make it certain that it will remain a source of energy inside politics, irrespective of the political complexion of the Presidency or Congress.

4. It is obvious, also, that departments like Health, Education and Welfare are developing a character which will survive changes in the political climate. The lever of federal funds, once it is given to a bureaucracy, is unlikely to be left unused for very long.

5. The use which has been made of these federal funds in the new legislation is already having an immediate impact in creating new institutions, drawing their energy from local interests and from local needs. Once these institutions are brought into play, they will begin to generate more energy, even outside their own field. For example, once the problem of water has compelled the creation of regional institutions, it is inevitable that further regional bodies will develop. Similarly, once local communities have got used to new bodies, such as those created under the community action program, they will be further imitated.

6. Lastly – and, in a nation of "joiners," it must not be overlooked – federal activity has already shown this year a tendency to stimulate semi-voluntary activity, as in the "beautification" program. This kind of activity is itself a form of politics, for it brings together, in community action, the kind of people who tend to be opinion-formers: and once they are brought together, stimulated by federal interest, there is no end to the "activism" which they can generate.

It is this promise of political inventiveness which one feels so strongly in America today: of searching for new institutions and new political communities. A

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federal system, since it answers questions about popular sovereignty by dividing it, has a natural advantage in the search for new institutions and new approaches, since there are always lines which can be redrawn. I see every reason for my belief that 1965 has been a beginning rather than an end, and for my certainty that the political genius of the American people is about to make a new and significant contribution to the world, a contribution relevant to the old liberal democracies, petrified in their old politics, but just as relevant to the new nations which are seeking to escape from the unnecessary choice between complete authoritarianism and old liberal forms which do not meet their needs.

Open Season on Scientists

by Eugene Rabinowitch

After the first atom bombs led to prompt Japanese capitulation, "atomic" scientists descended on Washington. They became fashionable speakers before women's clubs, Rotary conventions and television forums. Their message was simple: with the emergence of nuclear weapons, wars must end; penalty for failing to heed this lesson will be a universal catastrophe of nuclear war.

Political and social scientists saw natural scientists invading their preserves. Some joined them; the language of a Hans Morgenthau, or a Henry Kissinger – outstanding theoreticians of hard-nosed international politics – often became quite similar to that of the atomic scientists. Others remained unconvinced. Scientists, they said, exaggerated the rationality of nations and their leaders, and neglected emotional factors, national traditions and personal ambitions. They preached generalities, instead of considering real situations.

A high point of the scientists' influence in American politics was reached in the Kennedy Administration. The President's intellectual affinity to academic science produced growing appreciation not only of the destructive, but also of the potentially constructive role of science in world affairs. The Cuban crisis helped to heighten public concern with the threat of nuclear war.

Since then, great changes have taken place. The concern with the arms race, with the possibility of nuclear war unleashed by miscalculation or error, and with the acquisition of nuclear weapons by new nations, has subsided. A feeling has spread that the atomic arms race has led to a stable stalemate, that war between major nuclear powers has become impossible. Other dangers and challenges, in particular the racial problem, have moved to the forefront.

Leaders of some nations saw in the deadlock between major nuclear powers, the US and the USSR, a chance to play more freely their own political game. De Gaulle, Sukarno, not to speak of Mao, embarked with abandon on pursuit of their own power. The conviction that "one world" – in Wendell Willkie's words – is bound to emerge from the universal fear of nuclear destruction, is disappearing; the tradition of international anarchy is reasserting itself.

Those who have been apprehensive about the intervention of scientists into public life now feel the time is ripe to put an end to it:

► In a review of Ralph Lapp's book, *The New Priesthood*, John W. Finney, of *The New York Times* staff, accuses scientists of using the "mumbo-jumbo" of scientific terminology to make political leaders feel incompetent. Scientists, he argues, are heirs of medicine men and priests, who had used *their* mumbo-jumbo to overawe people.

► A review of Alice Smith's book, *The Scientists' Movement in America*, in *The Nation* by Elinor Langer of *Science* staff, accuses the book of perpetuating the "myth of the important scientists" – which it is time to debunk. The only successful political activity of scientists had been the defeat of the May-Johnson bill in 1946; for the rest, history has gone on practically unaffected by them.

► In the journal *Conflict Resolution*, published by a group of social scientists at the University of Michigan, Donald A. Strickland and Kathleen Archibald, of the University of California, severely criticize four books. One is by the journalist, D. W. Cox: *America's New Policy Makers; the Scientists' Rise to Power;* another by that distinguished public servant, David E. Lilienthal (*Changes, Hope and the Bomb*); the third, an anthology edited by the late Morton Grodzins, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, and myself (*The Atomic Age*); the fourth, a collection of my own essays (*Dawn of a New Age*). The critics find that these four quite different books share a common heresy

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– that the scientific revolution (a mythical event anyhow!) calls for a new beginning in world affairs. The route which all these authors recommend is, they say, "an old one, but not well marked on the road maps of the real world. It is labeled faith, hope and charity, and it leads to a destination called 'world community'." When dealing with politics, scientists forget their careful professional approach to problems on hand and preach generalities. Have we not lived two decades "with these awful weapons," and no nuclear bomb has been exploded in anger, or gone off accidentally? This proves, the critics believe, that the dour warnings of scientists and their allies have been unfounded.

Many other examples could be quoted from the literature, as well as from life: the difference between the role played by Jerome Wiesner as Science Adviser in Kennedy's Administration, and that of his successor in Johnson's; the *de facto* absence of a science adviser from the State Department.

Nations, like men, resent prophets (or doctors) who say that if they do not reform they will perish. If, after 20 years, the patient still lives, the doctors must have been poor diagnosticians. But 20 years is a short span in the life of nations!

After the shock of World War I, nations rapidly returned to "politics as usual," leaving the League of Nations to wither on the vine. A similar reaction was delayed after World War II, largely by the greater shock of the atom bomb. Now, the return to "pre-atomic" politics is in full swing. Unifying concern with the common security of all mankind is yielding to concerns with divergent national interests. (Pope Paul's trip to the United Nations was a dramatic, but probably futile, attempt to turn this tide!) In the United States, the change is personalized by the transition from President Kennedy to Lyndon Johnson. In the Soviet Union, the replacement of Khrushchev by Kosygin and Brezhnev has similar implications.

Many (for example, Walter Lippmann) think that world peace will be strengthened by each nation once again directing attention to its own interests and abandoning worldwide political or ideological aims. But the existence of sovereign nations, pursuing primarily their own interests, has meant wars in the past – and is a poor basis for stable peace now.

In contrast to prophets and ideologists of the past, who were moved to change the course of world affairs by their religious *beliefs* or their political or social *convictions*, scientists are people possessing a certain *information*. They are like radar operators who see an approaching storm and urge the captain to change the course. Scientists are not important; *science* is. It has created a new – and rapidly changing – human habitat. Nuclear physics has multiplied by a factor of a million the possible destruction in war; biology has permitted doubling of life expectancy at birth, and is thus causing a "population explosion" in many parts of the world; electronic communication has made all peoples next-door neighbors. Whether scientists are aware of the complex economic, psychological, ideological and personal forces affecting national behavior – some are, and some are not! – is not the question. The question is whether men whose background lies in politics, economics, law, religion, are sufficiently aware of the changes caused by science.

Why Listen to Them?

Some suggest that the answer is "yes," that by now intelligent people everywhere, as well as the governments advised by their military experts, are fully aware of the threat of nuclear war; that political leaders, advised by economists and technical experts, know all about the possibilities of constructive application of science to economic development. Unsolicited advice by scientists may have been justified on past occasions – say when they urged the exploration of nuclear fission for military purposes in 1939; or when they tried to impress on American leadership the grave implications of the first use of the atom bombs in 1945. But now, their knowledge is common knowledge. Self-appointed radar operators please leave the bridge to the captain and professional sailors! You will be called for consultation when and if your advice is needed.

This is a nearsighted attitude. Science has assumed such an important role in determining the parameters of national and international life, that participation in national decisions by people whose world picture has been affected by the study and practice of science (even if this picture has its own bias), is indispensable for many major political decisions – to correct the bias of the more traditional molders of national decisions, such as men with legal training. I do not believe that scientists or engineers will ever replace the legal profession in its preponderant influence on the affairs of state. (One reason is that the scientific profession is incompatible with long periods of full-time participation in politics – although in the Soviet Union, much of the present leadership, from Kosygin and Brezhnev down, do have an engineering background.) But it is in the national interest to stimulate, and not to discourage, the involvement of scientists in public affairs. Recently, this involvement has been decreasing. The responsibility for this rests, to a large extent, with the scientific profession itself. Most of its members are "too busy"; the few who have concern with public affairs

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Since 1945, EUGENE RABINOWITCH *has been editor of* The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, *published at the University of Chicago, and, since 1947, Research Professor of Botany at the University of Illinois. He has written widely in various scientific fields.*

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are often preaching in vain to their colleagues. A new breed of scientist may be growing up, young men and women studying science with the deliberate intention of applying what they learn to public administration and political life, rather than to research and teaching. Meantime, however, the voice of science in public affairs should not become silent.

The Lower Mekong Plan, described by one of its originators, Professor Gilbert White, in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, received favorable consideration in the US government and found its way into President Johnson's statements on Vietnam. There is no doubt, however, that in the minds of political leaders such constructive applications of modern science are "fringe" programs; primary importance is still assigned to political and military plans. When our government was trying to muster a majority for its proposal to deny the vote in the United Nations to nations refusing to contribute to the costs of the UN peacekeeping operations, it threatened to withdraw support from the UN Special Fund – in the hope that this threat would persuade African and Asian nations to support the US proposal. The idea for which the Special Fund stands: to put science and technology in the service of developing countries by a cooperative international effort was thus treated as something expendable. It seems to me that international cooperation in science and technology could and should be given a much higher priority. The importance of such cooperative projects in bridging the moats separating the West from the USSR, and in preventing the developing nations from becoming a source of increasing East-West tension, undoubtedly would be recognized more fully if individuals with a scientific-technical background had a larger part than usual in the forming of national policies.

Changes of Learned Attitudes

The voice of science cannot be represented only by experts answering questions posed to them, for the kind of questions asked depends on who asks them. Scientists must be urged to help formulate the questions, to think about the great political and social problems of our times, instead of being looked upon with derision, as the proverbial shoemaker who tried to give advice to a painter after the latter had heeded his criticism concerning the shape of a shoe in his picture.

Those who want scientists to stick to their classes and laboratories do so at great peril. For what is happening in the world today shows that, despite a measure of understanding by political leaders of the destructiveness of nuclear weapons and of the contributions science can make to the creation of a viable humanity, this understanding remains peripheral. When critics point out that scientists have had very little actual influence on political decision since 1945, they are right; but they confuse what *is* with what *should be*. The fact that nations have largely returned to the ways of pre-scientific political thinking and acting, merely proves that the forces of inertia are strong, and the capacity for wishful self-delusion ("nothing has been really changed by the scientific revolution, and anyhow, there is no such thing!") practically unlimited.

The slowness with which nations adapt themselves to their new habitat, created by science, is nothing to gloat about. Many species have perished in the course of biological evolution because of insufficiently rapid adaptation to changed climate, or other external conditions. The same fate may overtake mankind if it does not adapt itself to the new conditions of its existence, even if these conditions have been created by man's own social evolution.

It is not true that radical changes in human attitudes are impossible – however great may be the resistance to them. It is not inherited instincts – which can be changed only by the slow process of accidental mutations and preferential breeding – that must be changed, but ideas and habits transmitted by learning – by the example of elders, and by the spoken and written word. Directed mutations may be as yet but a scientific dream; but rapid changes of learned attitudes have happened in the past – for example, with the transition from the pagan to the Christian era – and they can happen again.

The impact of atom bombs, of space ships and of the wonders of modern medicine on human consciousness has been deep. A student of comparative sociology and mass psychology, in the times "before" and "after" the bomb, is bound to see changes more radical then in any earlier comparable period. In 1945, the standard response to the warning of atomic scientists was: "Wars have always been and will always remain with us"; and: "To every new weapon of attack, a defensive weapon has been found in the past." Despite the return to international anarchy, such answers are not often heard now. Everybody is now for permanent peace, but. . . . The Communists are for peace, but not for an end to "wars of national liberation"; divided nations are for peace, but one that would give one part of them the chance to absorb the other – be it East Germany, Taiwan, South Korea or South Vietnam. The Pope is for stable peace – but without "artificial" population control. All these "buts" are impractical in the age of science.

Still, 20 years is a short time. The gestation of other new forces in human consciousness – religions such as Christianity, Islam or Buddhism; ideologies such as Socialism, Nationalism or Communism – has taken much longer. Those who – as most scientists do – see the need for, and the possibility of, much more radical changes, to make mankind viable in the age of science, should not be dismissed as incompetent and unrealistic amateurs in politics.

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Crusade for the Arts in Britain

by Margaret Wechsler

"This is an exciting time in British arts," Peter Ustinov told the Institute of Directors in Albert Hall the other day. "We are almost on the brink of a new renaissance." For the first time in Britain's history, there is a movement to make the arts universally available as a public service accompanied by growth in quality. The movement is two-pronged: one sprang from a government White Paper, the other from the Trades Union Congress. One is the Labour Government's new policy on the arts, the other is Centre 42, an association of celebrities in the arts, of which the prominent young playwright, Arnold Wesker, is the founder and moving spirit.

Several features lend excitement to this movement. It is the first time that a government in this country has unequivocally defined its responsibilities to the arts, the first time the arts have been officially and in broad terms linked with education, the first time officially viewed as an essential of life for everyone "in a civilized community." It is the first time also that workers in the arts have combined to act for their community's cultural future, the first time professionals have charted a program and committed themselves to its execution. Centre 42 proposes a new formula – that the arts should *ultimately* be free to everyone as a right, like education.

"We will build," Arnold Wesker recently announced, "a new framework for presenting the arts and thus create a new social climate for the arts in this country."

Whether or not they are aware of it, the people of Great Britain possess in this combination a missionary movement which, if it grows and functions to capacity, should help to pilot them safely to the cybernetic era.

With apologies for their inability to do more in this period of financial crisis, the Wilson Government has taken three steps to implement the White Paper on the Arts: (a) established an arts division in the Ministry of Education and Science under a special Parliamentary Under-Secretary; (b) increased the Arts Council's budget by almost two million dollars; (c) established a building fund (three-quarters of a million dollars) to improve local cultural facilities.

The one innovation is the arts division. Here will be coordinated for planning purposes, all the arts receiving state subsidies: galleries and museums, historic buildings and monuments and the performing arts – music, ballet, theatre and literature. Distribution of subsidies will remain in the hands of commissions operating under Royal Charters. The money for subsidies will now be channelled through the education ministry instead of several others.

Clearly an important step is the increase in the Arts Council's budget; it will have about $9 million for next year's support to opera, ballet, orchestras, the National Theatre (two companies), the Royal Shakespeare Company (Stratford and London), some 45 repertory companies in the provinces, training schemes, tours and exhibitions, aid to amateurs, Arts Festivals (Edinburgh and other), and for whatever is deemed necessary to promote the nation's arts and the welfare of its artists. In its 20 years, the Council has functioned with practically no interference from government and has brought a sense of pride to the average citizen.

The new building fund will be administered by the Arts Council. The amount, $700,000, will not go far in repairing, renovating or replacing the dismal and archaic structures now housing the arts in many areas. But it is frankly bait, to "encourage" local communities to start doing something. Last year the national government spent $24 million on the arts in contrast to local councils' $9 million.

Those who hope for a national ministry of the arts are disappointed. They feel the government has done just a bit of tidying up. But this is a short view. Linking the arts with education is a lengthy stride, and so is the appointment of Jennie Lee, M.P., as "minister in charge of the arts" – a colloquial title. Miss Lee's reputation for integrity, her long experience in public life, her zeal and tactfulness guarantee progress. She isn't shy in denouncing present subsidies as chicken feed. She is traveling around this island exhorting everyone who will listen to lift the arts out of the "ghetto."

The Centre 42 movement was launched in 1961, honoring a resolution adopted in 1960 by the Trades Union Congress asking for "greater participation by the trade union movement in all cultural activities." The matter has not reappeared on TUC agendas but it roused Arnold Wesker. With a group of fellow artists he developed the program which is now supported by a wide variety of groups. Strangely enough, it failed to interest the TUC, although many people in the trade union movement participate.

The Centre 42 plan is based on the belief that with food, so in the arts, appetite grows on what it feeds. Centre 42 intends to provide the best possible artistic fare. A pool of professional talent will produce repertoire for festivals to be available, free, to communities. None will be foisted; festivals will be mounted only when requested. Said Wesker: "In our plan, the artists are saying to the people: 'If you want to enjoy and share our work, then invite us and we will present works of art for you in the form of festivals. We will find the money to finance them until

COMING

Maugham Summed Up

by John Lehmann

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The pilot center is going up in London. A railway round house, donated for the purpose and being renovated by the distinguished French architect and stage designer, René Allio, will contain: a theatre, orchestra, jazz band, visual arts, poetry workshop, general purposes hall (for dining, dancing, cabaret, conferences, 16mm films), television, music/drama, library, study and committee rooms, youth club, administration. Regional centers will be distributed as needed, each to serve two publics: one in the immediate vicinity, the other in surrounding towns.

Before the group could begin work on the pilot center, it was impelled to accept festival requests. Hastily, a corps of artists and craftsmen was assembled, the communities got organized and six festivals were mounted presenting: an original play, written for the event; musical theatre, with original music and text; National Youth Theatre's *Hamlet;* a jazz band organized; theatre folk ballad, folk-singing, poetry reading. The wartime practice of poetry reading in factories and singing in pubs was revived. Capacity audiences and widespread involvement of the community were among many rewards. Admission: from 70 to 90 cents and many events free. A deficit of some $125,000 was shouldered by Centre 42. "We do not call it a deficit," Wesker points out, "but rather an amount it has cost us to establish the principle that art is the right of any civilized community and must be subsidized. This first year's work bears a lot of the burden of the future. . . ."

Who is behind Centre 42? The roster resembles Who's Who in British arts: Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Benjamin Britten, Graham Greene, Yehudi Menuhin, Henry Moore, Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier (Joan Plowright), Sir Compton Mackenzie, John Piper, J. B. Priestley, Terence Rattigan, Kenneth Tynan, Cecil Beaton, Peter Sellers, Sir Herbert Read, Lord Gardiner (The Lord Chancellor), Sir Carol Reed, Sir John Rothenstein among others. Lord Harewood (cousin to H.M. Queen Elizabeth), is chairman of the Board. George Hoskins is Honorary Director and Arnold Wesker is Artistic Director.

Incorporated under the Companies' Act and registered as a National Charity, the group is now campaigning for just under two million dollars to establish the pilot center and finance its first two years' work. The founding grant came from the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation early in 1962.

Centre 42 is committed to the principle that "*ultimately,* all the arts should be free by right to the community.

When is ultimate? Wesker guesses it may be in 20 years, or, when enough people want the arts as urgently as were wanted free education, health services, highways, pure water, safe milk and other modern amenities.

Where does this leave private enterprise? Obviously where it can operate profitably: chiefly in London. An aching fact here for some time has been unequal distribution of the arts. London, with ten million (one-fifth) population has over 40 legitimate theatres and the major music, dance, opera and other cultural facilities. The provinces, with 40 million (four-fifths) population, get sporadic visits by London-based companies and must depend mostly on subsidized services. Even so, there are complaints that the Arts Council is too much a part of the London "Establishment." The new crusade aims to correct this imbalance. How soon the balance will come depends not alone on money but equally on the new social climate for which the government and Centre 42 are striving.

Which returns us to when is Ultimate? When then is ultimate? We might look for an answer to those who have glimpsed the demands of the cybernetic age. They tell us the revolution jetting mankind toward the automated, cybernated century is here. They see large numbers of young, educated and healthy people as well as the aging, forced to contend with the pressures of leisure; soon many more will be paid for working fewer or no hours per week while goods and services multiply. When machines do most or all the work and computers the thinking, what of the arts? It is not whimsical to anticipate that the arts then will be wanted not merely for status or fun, but for defense of human sanity; they will be sought passionately, perhaps desperately, as the key to human communication, individual liberty and creativity.

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The Pills They Push

by Robert Coles

Medical students learn a lot more than the art and science of medical practice as they become physicians. I remember being handed the *Merck Manual of Diagnosis and Therapy* (published by Merck and Co., Rahway, New Jersey) about the same time I went through the ritual of buying my first stethoscope. Later on there was a huge *Physicians' Desk Reference* to own, with its thou-

The Therapeutic Nightmare
by Morton Mintz
(Houghton Mifflin; $6.95)

sands of drugs listed and described – enough of them to make me feel weak with ignorance just at the time I was meeting up with my patients for the first time. That book also came free – this time at the expense of over two hundred companies, some well known, some with names almost as suggestive of nothing and everything as Suprasolidal, Inc. (so far as I know a company alive only in my fantasy life).

Since then I have never had to worry about mail. Every day I am reminded that advertising agencies in America, not to mention those who use them, have money, pertinacity, and in the matter of selling drugs, a necessary but galling interest in never, never letting up on the individual physician. Magazines, brochures, samples, and calendars drown mere letters, annoy the mailman, and generally turn every postal delivery into an exercise in the disposal of rubbish. Over the years as I moved the bulky litter has trailed me, thanks apparently to the cooperation of various medical societies whose lists become the drug company's in short order. One of the more sanguine invitations is "Dial-A-Mood" – a gadget that my little son now plays with. Addressing doctors, and with no apparent embarrassment, it promises a pill for all seasons, to bring on any temper or humor. Sometimes all this is very funny, and a touch absurd – but then the terrible reality intrudes: thousands of busy physicians are exposed to such pressure; many of them simply cannot find the time or energy to look into the merits of each new pill in what is unquestionably a yearly landslide of them; and some of their patients suffer needlessly and horribly on that account.

Who is to prevent you or me from claiming a sugar-water cure for cancer and selling it on the open market? For a long time in our history the answer was no one, until 1906 literally no one, and until 1938 almost no one to any real effect. It was thus only a quarter of a century ago that the Food and Drug Administration became strong enough to require manufacturers to test their products for safety and report the results. While the muckraking press had helped establish the agency, by the '30's it took deaths – no less than 108 of them from an "elixir" – to set Congress into conclusive action.

Mr. Mintz opens his book with such historical information, but fairly quickly leads us into the present, and it is a time still full of danger, as the recent narrow escape from thalidomide proves. It was this book's author, a reporter for *The Washington Post*, who first told how Dr. Frances Kelsey prevented the marketing of thalidomide, hence deformities in thousands of babies. Only then, in 1962, did the Congress act, having up to that moment ignored the brave and persistent efforts at reform of the late Senator Kefauver. The spectacle of dozens of Congressmen hurrying noisily to the lonely Senator's side after years of unyielding opposition to him – and loyalty to the swarm of lobbyists kept by the drug companies – revealed once again just how responsive our national legislature can be, given the right conditions.

This book is cumulatively unnerving and in places chilling. It is filled with references, various appendices and charts as well as very blunt running comment, and with each chapter the reader is likely to grow more disheartened. Many drug companies, for example, ignore their rather obvious and special responsibilities in favor of selling what they can when they can, regardless of the actual value of their product. The Food and Drug Admin-

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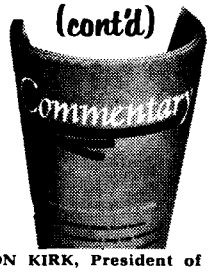

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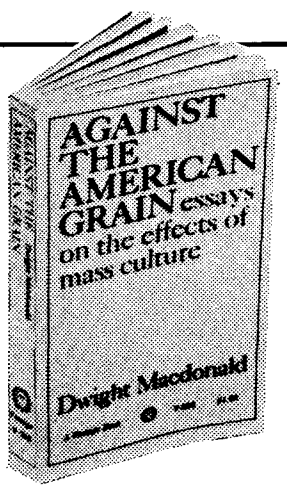

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istration is partially unable and partially unwilling to exercise the relentless scrutiny needed to gauge accurately which drugs are both effective and safe, hence worthy of approval for distribution. The American Medical Association, ever fearful of government control, prefers whatever informal or private regulations the companies agree upon to any strict supervision from Washington. Drug companies on one occasion or another will not only sell useless drugs, but dangerous drugs, and thoroughly untested drugs. Moreover, they have been known to lie about tests performed, invent the names of clinical investigators, and generally behave as if they were playing a combination of Hide-and-Seek and Monopoly rather than trying to help sick people get better. Finally, a disturbing number of doctors – struggling hard to combine successfully their identities as healers and entrepreneurs – are not beyond all sorts of cozy deals with druggists and drug companies.

Beyond all its here-and-now information about those who make drugs, prescribe them and regulate their traffic, this book offers a larger and alarming glimpse into the character of our society. A giant of a nation can influence events everywhere on the planet and even beyond, but not control itself. Its air in many places is foul; its water is commonly drawn from polluted streams, and rain may be flooding one town while another one finds its reservoirs in dangerously low supply; its land is covered with all kinds of poorly understood and possibly dangerous chemicals; and its people – for all the abundance they own – crave, grab and devour a nondescript assortment of pills in such numbers and with such compulsion as to make the particular nightmare that troubles Mr. Mintz a clue to a much more serious problem.

The enormous and outrageous profits made on drugs (they are much cheaper abroad), the endless intrigue of the lobbyists that results in collusion between industry and government, the willingness of doctors to bow and scrape before the dollar, all so carefully described in this book, are at least venial sins. Far more serious – not only theologically, but psychologically and politically – is the naïve and frantic search for a silenced, careless mind or a guarantee, no matter how premature in terms of scientific knowledge, against every possible disaster. Consequently, the most heart-breaking sections in this book are those which take up the tranquilizers and the so-called anti-cholesterol drugs. Comfortable Americans by the millions are swallowing a shifting variety of pills that promise them extravagant mental bliss within the half hour. That some of these pills may be next to worthless, that others have been shown risky and even dangerous, only goes to show how far the tensions in this nation can push its citizens, doctors included. Drugs presumably once designed for specific psychiatric indications have virtually become part of the alcohol-antacid-tobacco axis that supports our ruggedly individualistic collective nervous system. The same high-strung people demand from their doctors antibiotics for viral infections that are quite unresponsive to such treatment, and worse, get them all too often. Then, turning their attention to immortality, such individuals go on to call for basically experimental drugs in order presumably to be in right at the beginning of a cure for arteriosclerosis, when in point of fact it may be many decades before that time actually arrives, as any sensible doctor knows. Alexander the Great only wanted more territory.

While it is true that advances in medicine and pharmacology are slowly being made, I fear none of them can really match the hunger and greed abroad this land. As this book shows, rather than take pills when necessary, we virtually lust after them. Whether they work or not makes no difference. For a moment, some inner emptiness that ignores the pleasures of silk and steel as well as champagne is at least appeased. Briefly though; soon there must be a new pill, a new promise.

Mr. Mintz has some specific proposals to take care of the pills. The Food and Drug Administration needs to take a closer look at drug testing. The original Kefauver bill authorized the registration of all drug investigators, and the requirement that they supply the government with their results even as they do the manufacturers. That provision never made it: as in the civil rights struggle, perhaps the grim fact is that it will take more deaths. But what of the vain promises that go hand in hand

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with some of these pills when they are marketed, beckoning doctors and playing terrible games with vulnerable patients, or merely gullible and unsatisfied ones? The pills that are harmful or good for nothing come and go, but the passion and the letdown they inspire in one after another person add yet another sum of illusion and melancholy to this world.

Stalin and Stalinism

by Andrew Field

The Rise and Fall of Stalin is Robert Payne's twelfth book, and while much of the preparation for it was done in the course of his research for an earlier work – *The Life and Death of Lenin* – this volume is not merely an outgrowth of its predecessor; it neatly contains the Lenin biography in greatly reduced form but covers so much else as well that it qualifies as a quite adequate history of modern Russia. The faults of popularization are, by and large, only a recurrent nuisance in *Stalin*. Mr. Payne's virtues are his carefully modulated expository prose, his bold hypotheses about shrouded occurrences, and his extraordinary historical breadth.

The Rise and Fall of Stalin
by Robert Payne
(Simon & Schuster; $10)

I infer that Payne holds Stalin to be ultimately more significant than Lenin and a greater villain than Hitler. Hitler, according to Payne, was responsible for fewer deaths than Stalin – (it is hard to give weight to a numbers game played with such monstrous figures) and whereas National Socialism was overthrown and discredited in 12 years, Stalin's rule endured, so that, having "poisoned the sources of Russian life for an entire generation . . . a hundred years may pass before the wells are purified."

Mr. Payne is at considerable pains to determine and convey the true character of the man capable of having made such a profound impact. To accomplish this, he reaches for far-flung literary analogies and influences which serve both to explain and elevate Stalin, and these attempts are the most serious faults in the book. Stalin was a Georgian; so we then examine at great length a 13th-Century Georgian epic poem, *The Knight in Leopard Skin*, by Shotha Rusthaveli, and, since "consciously or unconsciously the Georgians follow in the footsteps" of the poem's proud and demonic protagonist, *The Knight in Leopard Skin* becomes an important clue to Stalin's personality "even if he had not read the poem." But by elementary deductive logic this premise leads to the further conclusion that all Georgians are in some degree potential Stalins, and I am confident that Mr. Payne would not want to say this. A more certain influence is found in Stalin's early pseudonym, Koba, the name of a legendary Georgian highwayman. Payne correctly notes in this pseudonym an early sign of Stalin's incipient thirst for power beyond the law. The pseudonym also points to the puerility and banality of the young Stalin's mind.

Further on, Mr. Payne draws most of his analogies from Russian literature, and the imagination reels at the onslaught of divergent and sometimes self-contradictory explanations of Stalin: the Djugashvili family is from Gorky's *Lower Depths*, and Stalin's personality, in addition to *The Knight in Leopard Skin*, contains elements of Turgenev's Bazarov mixed with Dostoevsky's underground man. Over these forced bedfellows is spread the mantle of Ivan the Terrible, a comparison which is often made and which Stalin himself encouraged, but which, I submit, does not withstand more than superficial scrutiny.

An essential assumption of such an approach to Stalin is his "passion for reading," and Payne often returns to this motif. Whenever Stalin turns to literature, however, whether it be in reference to a Krylov fable or a character in Gogol, he displays an understanding that is both staggeringly perverse and unerringly shallow. Nor is there ever any sure indication of whether

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Stalin actually read or merely "knew" the few books (and Marx among them!) that have a place in his scanty cultural baggage. It is the uniformly leaden character of everything he himself ever wrote that furnishes the sure measure of the man, and as his biography progresses Mr. Payne is willing to come closer and closer to this measure.

Stalin's primary claim to be regarded as a sentient being lies in some poetry which he published as a very young man in obscure Georgian newspapers and journals. Payne has managed to obtain three of these poems, which appear in translation together with facing Georgian texts. Although he does caution that "it would be dangerous to deduce from them anything more than that he possessed a modest but genuine talent," the poems have the power and fascination of hindsight for his biographer, who in discussing them speaks of "an accomplished little poem," a "wonderfully effective romantic conceit" . . . which is generous for verse on the order of:

Flourish, O adorable country,
Rejoice, O land of Iveria,
And you also, O learned men of Georgia,
May you bring joy and happiness to the country!"

Stalin's rapid advancement in the Bolshevik ranks remains as inexplicable to historians as it was to most of Stalin's contemporaries and rivals. First we see him added – literally as an afterthought – to one of Lenin's lists of the revolutionary elite, at a time when Lenin was in exile in Europe, Stalin in Siberia. He is frequently an object of derision and distrust. He may actually have been read out of the Party at one point early in his career. But by sheer political guts and crudeness he gradually makes himself a place – again just barely – in the first government of Lenin, who believed that such ruthless men were necessary to him and his revolution. Beyond this, Stalin, as a Georgian, was to take care of the vexing matter of various national groups within the Russian empire and be Lenin's "man to whom representatives of nationalities may come" (in spite of the fact that his very name was anathema in Georgia).

It may have been precisely Stalin's national origin and his bad Russian which were the (unconscious) reasons that he was not taken seriously as a potential aspirant to the leadership by Lenin, Trotsky, Kamenev, and Zinoviev until it was too late. While the others concerned themselves with matters of greater import, Stalin was the only one who concentrated on power in its most basic forms. And when he had full control after Lenin's death, ideology was still of very little import to him. His power base was the secret police, and, as Hannah Arendt has pointed out in *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, Stalin was "the first to discover all the potentialities for rule that the police possessed." If one wishes to stake out a claim for the "genius" of Stalin, it is here that it must be found.

Was Stalin merely the fatal flaw in Lenin's revolution, or was his rule the logical result of Lenin's insistence on revolutionary terror? Stalin's rise was clearly dependent to a large degree on chance, particularly Lenin's progressively crippling strokes and his premature death in 1924. On the other hand, there was no lack of people like Stalin in the Party; the Yagodas, Yezhovs, and the Berias of the later reign of terror were utilized but not created by Stalin. Stalin might even have been outdone, when one thinks of it, in "Stalinism" by some of the dark luminaries surrounding him. In this lies the true cause of the purges: the nature of Stalin's rule required a system of terror in which not even the secret police were safe. The purges had nothing at all to do with actual political opposition. They increased in severity as the opposition decreased. "Instead of abolishing the state, Stalin set about abolishing the people." The exact number who perished is still a subject of speculation, but there were *no fewer than* 10 million victims, the figure given by Stalin himself to Churchill.

Yet with it all, the figure of Stalin lacks the charisma and demonism appropriate to his station. Only his moustache, greatly filled out by poster art, achieves a kind of surrealistic power. Perhaps Stalin and not Eichmann is the true exemplification of the "banality of evil." Payne explores various instances

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in which Stalin may have been personally responsible for murder, and he favors the most dramatic possibilities (most notably, that he poisoned Lenin and shot his own wife). But even if we allow these "close-at-hand" crimes, the essential quality of the man is not altered. In 1925 Trotsky said of Stalin: "He is the most eminent mediocrity in the Party," and in 1924, Lenin, by that time on his deathbed, had sought to deny Stalin further power on the grounds of his "coarseness."

It was Lenin who found a true literary analogue to Stalin when he compared him to the coarse and brutal policeman, Derzhimorda, a minor character in Gogol's *Inspector General.* Still another even more suitable literary image of Stalin, if one wishes that sort of comparison, would be Rasplyuev, a low constabulary character in Aleksandr Sukhovo-Kobylin's grotesque comedy, *The Death of Tarelkin* (1869). Given a taste of power, Rasplyuev's personality expands and grows to a degree which no one could have foreseen: "Everything is ours. We'll have all of Russia! . . . *Now* I understand. Our entire fatherland is a mass of wolves, snakes, and hares who've suddenly turned into people, and I suspect them all. So we'll establish it as law: everyone is under arrest!"

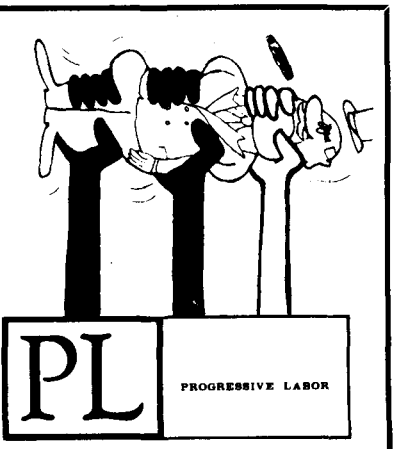
Seen in this way, many aspects of the tortured history of Russia under Stalin's rule which are otherwise enigmatic come into sharp focus. The absurdity and terror of the Moscow Trials are then the result not so much of diabolic design as of a fantastically obtuse mind. A similar explanation may be given for Stalin's theft and concealment of Hitler's corpse which is detailed at great length, but without any plausible explanation of why he did it. Perhaps most serious of all – it cost millions of lives – was Stalin's unbelievable inability to see the danger posed by Hitler's Germany. The best picture we have of him as a man – and it is quoted at length – is the one drawn by Milovan Djilas. Stalin performs his duty as a host at a dinner with the Yugoslav by proposing that everyone guess how many degrees below zero it is, with the losers obliged to down as many shots of vodka as their guess is in error.

One of the most fascinating manuscripts from Russia which has passed through my hands is a transcript of a discussion held on June 17, 1964 at the Academy of Sciences Institute of History in Moscow. The discussion concerned the first galleys for Volume 9 of a multi-volume history of Russia, covering the period from 1933 to 1941. The first speaker noted how Volume 9 criticizes the 2nd Five Year Plan, but then speaks only about how it was fulfilled. Farm conditions in 1933, he said, were worse than in 1929, or even than in 1913. The discussion at once grew heated, and another professor jumped up and shouted: "If that's so, what was the point of the October Revolution?" It was urged by different speakers that the role of slave labor during this period be mentioned, that the degree of popular support for Stalin be explored, that the punitive organs of the NKVD be discussed.

One speaker made a bold direct assessment of the entire volume: "The half-truth told in Volume 9 is a great leap forward from the full lie that has been told in all previous histories. . . . We all know that there will be further editing of this volume outside the Academy of Sciences. The problem of the editor is immense. But somehow the language must be found to tell the truth." That truth, the speaker concluded, is that Stalin's rule was "a desecration of our banner in the world."

But more cautious voices now began to be raised, and their attitude was best put forward by a member of the editorial board named Yakubovskaya. "During the Cult," she said, "we described everything as either great or awful, white or black, nothing in between. We still do this, and, in this respect, we remain under Stalin's influence. . . . We must write so that in ten years we won't blush. We can't use Stalin's methods in attacking the Cult. We must be objective. The Party would not have upheld Stalin if he were a criminal and all bad."

Virtuosity carried the day, and Academician Kim, the chairman, concluded: "I'm for truth, and the truth is that with Stalin we built socialism." The whole question is still too painful. Until such men as Academician Kim can bring themselves to say (or are allowed to say) in print even one-third of what is in Robert Payne's *The Rise and Fall of Stalin* the Soviet Union will remain in Stalin's shadow.



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Eight Love Poems

by Robert Graves

The Vow

No vow once sworn may ever be annulled
Except by a higher law of love or mercy –
Search your heart well: is there a lie hidden
Deep in its convolutions of resolve?

For whom do you live? Can it be yourself?
For whom then? Not for this unlovely world,
Not for the rotting waters of mischance,
Nor for the tall, eventual catafalque.

You live for her who alone loves you,
Whose royal prerogative can be denied
By none observant of the awakening gasps
That greet her progress down whatever hall.

Your vow is to truth, not practicality;
To honor, not to the dead world's esteem;
To a bed of rock, not to a swan's-down pillow;
To the tears you kiss away from her black eyes.

They lament an uninstructible world of men
Who dare not listen or watch, but challenge proof
That a leap of a thousand miles is nothing
And to walk invisibly needs no artifice.

The Fetter

Concerned, against our wish, with a sick world,
Self-neglectful, tuned to knock or summons,
We make amends for follies not our own.

We have taken love through a thousand deaths;
Should either try to slip our iron fetter,
It bites yet deeper into neck and arm.

As for that act of supererogation,
The kiss in which we secretly concur,
Let laughter mitigate its quiet excess.

Could we, only, be a simple, bickering pair
In the tied cottage of a small estate,
With no tasks laid on us except to dig,
Hoe, fatten geese and scrape the quarter's rent,
How admirable our close interdependence;
Our insecurity how fortunate!

Nothing Now Astonishes

A month of vigilance draws to its close
With silence of snow and the Northern lights
In longed-for wordlessness.

This rainbow spanning our two worlds
Becomes more than a bridge between them:
They fade into geography.

Variegated with the seven colors
We twist them into skeins for hide and seek
In a lovers' labyrinth.

Can I be astonished at male trembling
Of sea-horizons as you lean towards them?
Nothing now astonishes.

You change, from a running drop of pure gold
On a silver salver, to the white doe
In nut-groves harboring.

Let me be changed now to an eight-petalled
Scarlet anemone that will never strain
For the circling butterfly.

Rest, my loud heart. Your too exultant flight
Had raised the wing-beat to a roar
Drowning seraphic whispers.

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Those Who Came Short

Those who came short of love for me or you,
Where are they now? Ill-starred and bitter-mouthed,
Cursing us for their own contrariness,
Each having fallen in turn, head over heels,
From that illusive heaven at which they flew.

Are we then poison of love-perfection
To all but our own kind? Should we beware
Of handling such intemperate shaggy creatures
As leap on us like dogs to be cosseted
And, after, claim full rights of jealousy?

At once too simple and too various
Except for ourselves, should we awhile conceal
Our studies from the world, in cool forbearance
Watching each night for another dawn to break
And the last guest to straggle home?

Son Altesse

Alone, you are no more than many another
Gay-hearted, greedy, passionate noblewoman;
And I, alone, no more than a slow-witted
Passionate, credulous knight, though skilled in fight.

Then if I hail you as my Blessed Virgin
This is no flattery, nor does it endow you
With private magics which, when I am gone,
May flatter rogues or drunken renegades.

Name me your single, proud, whole-hearted champion
Whose feats no man alive will overpass;
But they must reverence you as I do: only
Conjoined in fame can we grow legendary.

Should I ride home, vainglorious after battle,
With droves of prisoners and huge heaps of spoil,
Make me dismount a half-mile from your door:
To walk barefoot in dust, as a knight must.

Yet never greet me carelessly or idly,
Nor use the teasing manners learned at Court,
Lest I be ambushed in a treacherous pass –
And you pent up in shame's black nunnery.

What Do We Fear?

You weep whole-heartedly – your shining tears
Roll down in terror, not like mine in joy –
I, today, am the wiser of us two.

Sweetheart, do not scorn to treat each other
With palliatives and placebos?
Should I prescribe you a complaisant spouse –
You, me another –
To grant us lunatic infidelities
In our high lofts of singular starriness
While they snore out honest affection
On foursquare couches? Therefore, if we act we must,
Come, rage alone with me on a giant stage
And spare others involement in the scene.
What do you fear? My hands gripping your throat?
What do I fear? Your dagger through my heart?
Ours is a fury can shock free this world
Into true hatred of the well-contrived.

Conjunction

What happens afterwards, none need enquire:
They are poised there in conjunction, beyond time,
At an oak-tree top level with Paradise:
Its leafy tester unshaken where they stand
Palm to palm, mouth to mouth, beyond desire,
Perpetuating lark song, perfume, color,
And the tremulous gasp of watchful winds,

Past all unbelief, we know them held
By peace and light and irrefragable love –
Twin paragons, our final selves, resistant
To the dull pull of earth dappled with shade:
Myself, the forester, never known to abandon
His vigilant coursing of the greenwood's floor,
And you, dryad of dryads, never before
Yielding her whole heart to the enemy, man.

Postscript

I'd die for you, or you for me,
So furious is our jealousy –
And if you doubt this to be true
Kill me outright, lest I kill you.

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FILMS

Staying in from the Cold

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold
(Paramount)

The anti-romantic spy story seems to have begun around the time of Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden*, which showed espionage as a craft exercised by technicians rather than as a matter of adventure or, necessarily, patriotism. The style was furthered by Graham Greene, who added an atmosphere of boiled cabbage and bad dentistry, and by Eric Ambler, who used political facts as scenery. The James Bond novels are not really in the style: they are not anti-romance but old-fashioned adventure, which is laid on as ridiculously as in E. Phillips Oppenheim, its surface "modernized" with chromium-plate sadism and sex. But very much in the anti-romantic style, and the best post-war spy novels that I know, are the latest two books of John Le Carré. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* maintains the Greene texture and adds a new, topical element: the cold war – and the hot pacification – as the norm of its characters' lives.

Both the grubbiness and the norm have been trenchantly conveyed in Martin Ritt's good film of the book, which leaves us further convinced – without stating anything explicitly – that the acceptance of that norm is the most heartsickening aspect of contemporary life. For two centuries at least, subsumed under different political headings, there has been a slow but general movement toward international recognition of the anachronism of war, of the growing disparity between the very existence of war as instrument and the intellectual and material achievements of men. And all this despite, or because of, increasing knowledge of disguised psychological and economic causes of war, which are not easily amended. Now, in a very short time, in a few years, that realistic but meliorist movement seems to have come to a halt, and a skeptical view of war as such seems to have diminished. The front-pages of our newspapers, as we read the headlines from left to right, tell us of education bills, anti-poverty programs, civil rights measures, aid to the arts and humanities, and – with no real change of inflection – re-enforcements in Vietnam and the previous day's battles and bombings. I suggest, not that solutions could be easy but that there is a difference, a reversion, in general attitude. (The Second World War was fought for causes at least equally serious with those now mentioned in the Vietnam war, but compare Bill Mauldin's World War II cartoons with the statements quoted from combat troops in Vietnam. Doubtless those statements are selected, but where is today's GI equivalent of Mauldin? To my knowledge, he does not exist.) A vaguely 19th-Century attitude seems to have returned. Despite concurrent disarmament conferences and committees, major conflict, cold or hot, as an inevitable fact of life joins Eliot's trinity of birth, copulation, and death.

Not to overload this competent film with large meaning, it nevertheless seems to rest, like the book, on this acceptance. Leamas, the seedy protagonist, is just a conscientious civil servant who works at getting secret information, instead of getting, say, tax statistics; who plods along at anti-Communist espionage with an attitude which suggests that children yet unborn will follow in his footsteps and that this is equally true of people on the other side. His life is based on the major tenet of the post-1945 world; that the choice is no longer between war and peace but between the Bomb and a state of tension, high-pitched and presumably eternal. He is a clerk in the permanent bureaucracy of that state, equipped with pistol and codes instead of eye-shade and ledgers.

The screenplay by Paul Dehn and Guy Trosper is terse, dour, swift, without being tiresomely hardboiled. There is only one inexplicable change from the book. (Since the story is known by so many, there can be no harm in discussing it.) I cannot understand why, at the end, the guide who takes the pair to the wall is the one who shoots them. In the book the pair were presumably killed by East German troops. The change makes for a muddle of motives.

As Leamas, Richard Burton perfectly embodies sodden self-disgust, which is deliberately used to dampen earlier fires. The part does not extend him in any way, but neither does it strain him. This dominant tone was an element in his Mankiewicz Antony and in the flamboyantly spurious *Night of the Iguana* and is here more effective. Claire Bloom, as the librarian, is too attractive for the role, but this "defect" helps her to create the affectionate warmth that is her special sexual province. Cyril Cusack, the admirable Irish actor who has spent so much of his career in being fictionally anti-British, is here a British intelligence chief. Michael Hordern contributes a deft sketch of a pulpy agent. Oskar Werner, most recently seen as the doctor in *Ship of Fools*, is dark-bearded as an East German intelligence official, and demonstrates that his range goes far past poetic suffering. He is also an actor of duplicity and strength.

Martin Ritt directed *Hud* extraordinarily well, then lapsed into empty mannerism in *The Outrage*. Here he has omitted both the virtuoso touches of the former and the hollowness of the latter. He has recognized that, for all the plotting and counterplotting, this is a story of character – therefore of time, place, and invisible forces. No one can make a good film of this kind quite independently of the influence of early Hitchcock and early Carol Reed. From them Ritt has learned the use of tracking camera movements to supply pace and oblique dramatic entry, as well as the décor of odd minor faces (like the Communist tribunal) that help to certify the central reality.

Two small demurrals. Too many se-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Margaret Wechsler *is a Canadian journalist traveling in Europe.* Robert Coles *is a Boston psychiatrist.* Andrew Field *is the editor of a recent book,* Pages from Tarusa. Robert Graves' *new book,* Love Respelt, *which will be published next month, will include the poems which appear in this issue.*

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quences begin with the opening of doors – a glib device to keep things moving. Also, there is a gimmick that has lately been overemployed (it was in the recent *Life at the Top*) and is now thoroughly tired: the strip-tease as backdrop. A conversation, which is the point of the scene, takes place in a night-club while we see a girl stripping behind the speakers. It is supposed to be a patent of expense-account callousness or of the male characters' blasé worldliness, but it is now only tired mild sensationalism. Also, although the characters may be blasé, I find myself distracted by the girl. So, for the sake of us naïve ones, if not for metaphorical freshness, I hope we have had the last of the *obbligato* air on the G-string.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

Opera: From Xerxes to Wozzeck

An event of first importance is the performance of Alban Berg's opera *Wozzeck* issued on Deutsche Grammophon 18-991/2 and 138-991/2. Berg's musical idiom is one that conveys no coherent musical sense to me in the self-contained structures of his instrumental works, or even with the words of his cantata *Der Wein;* but the words and situations of the nightmarish drama of *Wozzeck* are given enormously enhanced expressive force by the distorted vocal declamation and discordant orchestral comment, which make the work one of the monuments of the operatic literature. The effective performance conducted by Boehm has Fischer-Dieskau in the title role and Evelyn Lear as Marie, with other excellent singers and the orchestra of the Berlin Opera.

Originally a mezzo-soprano, but described as a soprano on Deutsche Grammophon 18-987 and 138-987, Grace Bumbry begins her group of Verdi arias with Azucena's two arias from *Il Trovatore,* but for the rest sings pieces for soprano: *"Ritorna vincitor"* from *Aida, "Tu che le vanità"* from *Don Carlo,* and Lady Macbeth's three arias from *Macbeth,* which take the voice to high D-flat. Bumbry may, a few years from now, regret having pushed it that high; right now, though it lacks warmth and has a strong vibrato, its power and the expressive intensity with which it is used result in highly impressive performances.

The great tenor Roswaenge is heard on Telefunken HT-24 (mono only) in several previously unissued 1932 and 1933 performances – including the quartet from *Rigoletto,* the quintet from *Die Meistersinger* and the final aria from *Otello* – in addition to several issued on an earlier record, including arias from *L'Africaine, I Vespri Siciliani* and *Die Meistersinger.* All in German, and all with excessive artificial resonance.

From the first recorded performance of Handel's opera *Xerxes,* on Westminster XWN-3321 and WST-321, one learns that the justly famous aria *"Ombra mai fù"* with which it begins is the only example it offers of the great melodic structures Handel was capable of – the melodic writing thereafter being lively and suitably expressive but not distinguished. Except for the unattractive voice of Lucia Popp, the performance conducted by Brian Priestman – with Maureen Forrester, Mildred Miller, Owen Brannigan and other soloists, the Vienna Academy Choir and Radio Orchestra – is good.

A number of the Elizabethan composer Morley's vocal pieces – including the lovely *Farewell Disdainful, Now is the gentle season, The field abroad, My lovely Wanton jewel, O grief! even on the bud* – are sung beautifully by Denis Stevens's Ambrosian Singers on Deutsche Grammophon Archive 3209 (mono), with several pleasant harpsichord pieces played on a delicate-sounding instrument by Valda Aveling.

And a group of fine instrumental pieces by Purcell – several of the Fantasias for 4 or 5 strings, including the outstanding one *Upon One Note,* the Pavan No. 4 in G minor and the Trio Sonatas in G minor and C – are performed well by Menuhin and members of the Bath Festival Orchestra on Angel 36270 (mono).

The Scarlatti sonatas played by Valenti on Musical Heritage Society 555 (mono) include three of the best-known and best – Longo Nos. 413, 449 and 104 – in addition to a number of engaging ones that are less familiar. Except for the mannered playing in Nos. 413 and 449 and an occasional arbitrary retardation, the performances on the robust-toned Challis harpsichord are effective.

Young Peter Serkin plays Bach's *Goldberg Variations,* on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2851, with a musical sensitiveness that his father doesn't exhibit, and

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plays the piano with a consideration that contrasts strikingly with his father's assault and battery of the instrument. What his performance doesn't have is the energy and powerful cohesive tension that Glenn Gould imparts even to his quiet statement of the theme and to his extraordinary understatement of the long progression of florid melody in Variation 25; and the dazzling brilliance with which Gould conceals the dullness of the mechanical variations.

The accurate and clear execution of the tremendous first movement of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 106 *(Hammerklavier)* in the excessively fast tempo set by Beethoven's metronome marking – which Schnabel's fingers couldn't achieve – is achieved by the fingers of Charles Rosen on Epic LC-3900 (mono). But even executed accurately, the performance in that tempo is a frenetic rush through the movement that robs both the powerful and the quiet writing of the effect they would have in a slightly slower and more relaxed and spacious performance; and Tovey's observation – that adherence to Beethoven's marking was "a mistaken form of piety" – turns out to be as applicable to Rosen's performance as to Schnabel's. Moreover, Rosen brings to the long and profound slow movement an impressive musical intelligence but not Schnabel's unique powers in cantabile playing, in articulation of structure, in enlargement of expressive meaning, which produce a performance of transcending greatness; and this slow movement makes Schnabel's recording of the sonata the one to acquire in preference to Rosen's. The Epic record has in addition Rosen's performance of the Sonata Op. 110.

Several of Schnabel's best performances have not been issued here by Angel, and must be acquired on imported records. Among these is his performance of Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A on Pathé COLH-84 (mono only) – one of the superb works by Schubert whose neglect by pianists results in great loss to music-lovers. It has marvelous pages throughout – notably the development of the first movement; but most unusual is the middle section of the Andantino – a recitative-like progression which takes off quietly at the end of the poignantly lovely first section, and rises in a declamatory crescendo to a tremendous climax.

Another regrettably neglected work is Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 2, whose musical substance, aside from the concerto fireworks, is much superior to that of the ubiquitous No. 1 – a high point being the elegantly impassioned melodic episode for piano alone in the first movement. I have heard this played with an elegance and sensitiveness that Gary Graffman's playing of it on Columbia ML-6155 and MS-6755 doesn't have; but on the whole his straightforward performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy is effective, as is the one of the fine single completed movement of Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 3 on these records.

The superb cellist Janos Starker is heard, on Mercury MG-50303 and SR-90303, in Dvorak's engagingly melodious Cello Concerto with the London Symphony under Dorati (the mono sound is quite poor). And on Musical Heritage Society 596/7 (mono) he plays all five of Beethoven's cello sonatas with a pianist of less distinguished powers than his own.

As for Prokofiev's Symphony No. 6 – performed well by the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf on Victor LM- and LSC 2834 – I hear his highly developed competence mechanically grinding out lifeless imitations of his earlier writing in the four boring movements.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Osborne's Elegiac Monody

Inadmissible Evidence
by John Osborne
(Belasco Theatre)
The Country Wife
by William Wycherley
(Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center;
The Vivian Beaumont Theatre)
The White Devil
by John Webster
(Circle in the Square)

John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* has three sources of strength – a blistering rhetoric of spite and disgust, a fascinating self-lacerating protagonist, and a superlative performance by Nicol Williamson. If a play could make it on eloquence and character alone, then this work would be home; but it contains little else in the way of dramatic values, neither discernible structure, coherent progression, variety of portraiture, nor thematic complication. Osborne's writing has always lacked a magnetic core around which particles of insight and feeling might collect – only his *Epitaph for George Dillon* (written with a collaborator) seems to me sufficiently formulated as a dramatic action – for he is much too concerned with composing single character sketches of a recurring figure, the caustic fire-eater who evokes sympathy when we discover that he is suffering more than the people he hurts. There is a thread of elegiac self-pity running through Osborne's work, a strain of pathos that frequently turns into sentimentality (consider the bear-and-squirrel sogginess of *Look Back In Anger*); and as his protagonists alternate between defiance and apology, his plays invariably close in on the divided self. In *Inadmissible Evidence*, Osborne withdraws even deeper into solipsism. Other characters appear on stage to stimulate the hero's lust, pity, vituperativeness, or self-hatred, but they are just as cardboard as the scenery and sometimes just as mute. And though

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the author introduces frequent editorials on Divorce, Adultery, Homosexuality, and Teenage Morals, these are not only largely irrelevant to the action, but wholly uninterrupted by the slightest hint of exception or opposition.

The play, in short, is a monodrama, a highly subjective form demanding a highly subjective approach. Osborne seems partly to realize this, for he begins the play with a dream sequence, showing his hero on trial for having published a "wicked, bawdy, and scandalous object" (*i.e.* his life). This prologue, however, is generically out of key with the scenes that follow, and is never used or referred to again; instead, the play turns realistic, though the realism is occasionally broken by equally inapposite devices (one actress, for example, plays all the female clients). What gives *Inadmissible Evidence* its only claim to unity is not its botched form but rather its one fully fleshed character – a middle-aged solicitor on the verge of breakdown named Bill Maitland. Sex-obsessed, nasty, unethical, hysterical, Maitland is a pulsing mass of infantile needs. He exploits everyone for love and understanding and betrays all who trust him; trying to keep afloat on a sea of impulse, he keeps his hand on the telephone to his patient mistress as if holding an umbilical lifeline to survival. But drown he must, and the only logical development in the play follows his self-destructive alienation of everyone he loves and respects. At the curtain, he is entombed in his office and spiritually dead, having evacuated his fury over everything from young lovers in cars ("flatulent, purblind, mating weasels") to the machine society ("Some mathematical clerk will feed all our petitions and depositions and statements and evidence into some clattering brute of a computer and the answer will come out guilty or not guilty"), and having revealed a good deal of helpless compassion for the agonized clients who file through his doors.

The New York production has severely reduced the text along with some of the impact of the play; but it has had the good sense to retain Anthony Page as director and Nicol Williamson as chief actor, surrounded by a competent American cast. Williamson, whose features are a cross between the cragginess of Van Heflin and the slyness of Alistair Sim, is a tall, graceful actor of astonishing power. Slightly adenoidal, his brow contracted with rage and woe, he chews his lines into a mash and spits them out with brutal wit, then just as quickly turns the invective into whining apology – his transitions are extremely swift. Williamson has found perfect emblematic gestures for Maitland – drawing his hands to his aching temples to exile the outside world, shaking his foot up and down with nervous contempt, staring vaguely into the middle distance as if confronting his involuntary cruel demon – it is the actor, even more than the author, who manages to exonerate this character. His performance is brilliant, as brilliant as Robert Stephens' George Dillon, Albert Finney's Martin Luther, and Sir Laurence Olivier's Archie Rice; and it suggests that if Osborne does not yet write coherent plays, he continues to compose magnificent roles.

The second presentation of the new Lincoln Center management is a decided advance over the first, and it offers promise that the Repertory Theatre may yet fulfill our hopes. First, however, the company must recover some of the confidence and daring lost after the failure of *Danton's Death:* Its current production of *The Country Wife*– solid enough in overall design – is marred by tentativeness. Having seen the play in San Francisco, staged by the same director, Robert Symonds, and acted by many of the same performers, I can testify that its original vigor and bustle has largely disappeared. While most of the cast performs with quiet competence, nobody seems very inspired, and some characterizations have been unaccountably subdued. Beatrice Manley, for example, who originally played Mrs. Squeamish as an outrageous eccentric with a mincing walk, a wild gleam, and a mad billowing headpiece is now impersonating a perfectly conventional lady of fashion – a change reflected in her new costume which has replaced the grotesque with the sumptuous.

The whole production, in fact, has now been tamed and muted – endowed with breeding but little humor. In San Francisco, even the set changes were a source of fun, as the director exploited the clumsiness of the revolving stage, but nobody dares laugh at the smoothly running mechanism on the stage of the Vivian Beaumont; and while Stanley Silverman's live music charmingly mingles 17th-Century chamber music with modern jazz, it lacks the obtrusive, driving energy of the Swingle Singers on record. The result of all this is a faithful, rather academic production in which Wycherley's ugly fantasy of impotence and cuckoldry is played for genteel realism and local color. Stacey Keach is a cruel, handsome Horner and Elizabeth Hubbard has a pleasant rustic gooniness as Mrs. Pinchwife, but neither performance has been provided with sufficient detail, and the broad comic parts (Robert Symonds' Sparkish, for example, a fop misplayed as a Charlie Ruggles fool) do not have sufficient invention. There is one moment in the play, however – when Horner's French boy servant, after ogling the tipsy ladies he has been serving, throws himself on top of Mrs. Squeamish, his arms and legs flailing in desperate assault – that retains the kind of abandon the production had in San Francisco.

I do not share the local admiration for the Circle in the Square *White Devil:* to me, the performance seemed feeble

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and tedious. Played in modern costume, the production was reminiscent of so many silly seasons at Stratford, Conn., and so was much of the acting which I found soft, flaccid, and elocutionary. Then, most of the play's opportunities are muffed. Vittoria is supposed to achieve an almost masculine nobility, but she is played throughout as a kind of Joan Greenwood sex kitten – and by a blonde, too, even though Flamineo clearly announces that her hair is the color of the blackbird's feather (the same obtuseness can be seen in the casting of the "corpulent Duke," Francisco, now played by a well-built actor in a Hathaway eye patch). Ludovico, the tool villain, is turned into a charter member of the Mafia, and even the actor-proof part of Flamineo lacks the proper bite and relish. I liked Maria Tucci, though, as Isabella, an actress with *quattrocento* features and a strong vibrant voice, and Christine Pickles has effective early moments as Cornelia. Paradoxically strong in its weakest characters (the virtuous), the production is weak in its strongest ones (the villains) – this robs the play of its cruelty, and much of its atmosphere of transcendent evil. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Nuclear Weapons in Orbit

Sirs:

In his "Nuclear Weapons in Orbit," (November 27) the pseudonymous Raymond D. Senter continues his allegations that it is really the United States Air Force which bars true détente. This time he is suggesting that it is the Presidentially - approved - and - announced and Defense Department cost/effectiveness - analyzed Air Force Manned Orbiting Laboratory which may have caused the Soviet Union to brandish orbiting weapon systems. For "evidence" Mr. Senter quotes, out of context, an article by J. S. Butz, Jr., in the October, 1965, *Air Force/Space Digest*. He says that Mr. Butz suggested that one of the "secondary" objectives of the MOL program is "bombardment," which, Mr. Senter adds, "in truth is not the case." Mr. Senter is quite right that bombardment per se is *not* an objective of the MOL project. What was said in the text in *Air Force/Space Digest*, from which Mr. Senter partially quoted to suit his own polemical purposes, was that among the *possible* missions of the MOL might be a study of the feasibility of orbital bombing with a view to understanding the defensive problems that we might have to face should orbital bombing techniques be used against us. Certainly the fact, which Mr. Senter cites elsewhere, that the Pentagon has developed primitive antisatellite systems based on Air Force Thor IRBMs and Army Nike-Zeuses indicates that the orbital-bombing threat is not taken lightly by the Administration. . . .

It is all too facile, unfortunately, to suggest that Soviet military/technological policies are primarily based on reactions to US projects and policies. Long before the MOL announcement, the Russians brandished orbital weapons.

William Leavitt
Associate Editor
Air Force/Space Digest

In reply:

Careful re-reading of my quotation and the original *Air Force/Space Digest* article does not, in my opinion, reveal any injustice to the original. Mr. Leavitt's letter belittles my suggestion of a possible cause-and-effect relationship between the recently announced MOL project and the Soviet boasts of orbital weapons. But it was the same Mr. Leavitt, writing in the December 1965 issue of *Air Force/Space Digest* who said: "It is also likely that the Russians, in their boasting about spaceborne nuclear weapon capability, were attempting to counteract the recent American announcement of intention to build and deploy the USAF Manned Orbiting Laboratory."

It seems naïve to suggest that Soviet choice of military programs is not strongly influenced by our own selection of strategic weapons, and to some degree by belligerent-sounding statements of our military leaders, any more than we ignore theirs. For example, the recent brief Tass statement was sufficient ammunition for another *Air Force/Space Digest* editor to warn that one orbital bomb could hang over a nation "like a sword of Damocles" and to utter the anguished warning: "Isn't anybody listening?" *Raymond D. Senter*

Soviet Writers Under Arrest

Sirs:

In view of your comment on the matter ("Writers in the Soviet Union," December 11) readers may be interested in the following appeal addressed by a group of American writers to Premier Kosygin asking him to review the arrests – over two months ago – of two Soviet writers, Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel. A news story in *The New York Times* of December 8 quoted the last two paragraphs and listed the signers, but the full text has not been printed. I might add that the next day *The London Times* reported the first official statement that has been made on the case. A "spokesman" for the Government's Committee for Foreign Cultural Relations said: "The investigation is going on. Only when it is over will it be clear whether there will be a court case, or whether the case will be closed. That is why it is impossible to say now when the trial might take place, if at all, and difficult to say how long the investigation may last." The phrase "if at all" – and the general "iffy" vagueness – is odd in an official Soviet statement and may also be significant.

Dwight Maconald
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Kosygin:

We address you as a group of American writers who are concerned about reports that have been appearing in the press of London, Paris and New York that two distinguished Soviet writers, Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, are in prison awaiting trial on charges of having published abroad, under the pseudonyms "Abram Tertz" and "Nicolai Arzhak," certain "anti-Soviet" manuscripts. We do not know whether Mr. Sinyavsky is in fact "Tertz" or Mr. Daniel "Arzhak," nor do we think this is relevant. The penal code of no civilized country, including the Soviet Union, makes it a crime to publish abroad or under a pseudonym. As for "anti-Sovietism," this is an offense as vague as "un-Americanism," a formulation of which we have had unhappy experience.

"The Public Prosecutor has assured me the investigation will be prompt and speedy. I am sure that, in the atmosphere now prevailing in my country,

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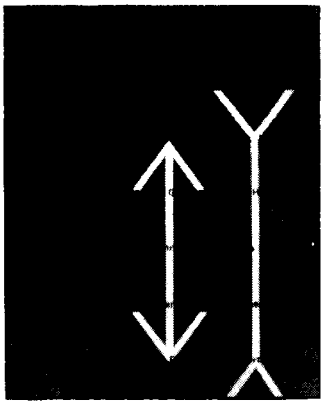

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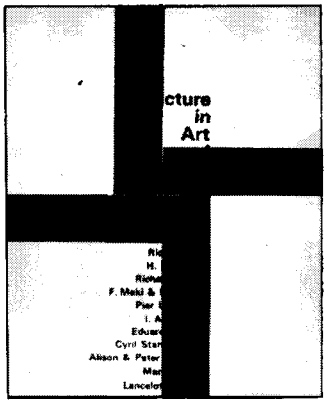

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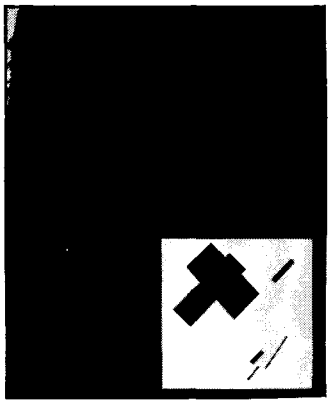

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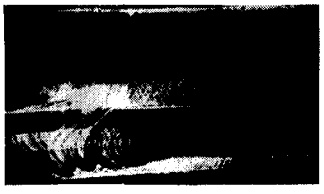

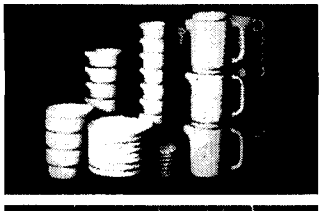

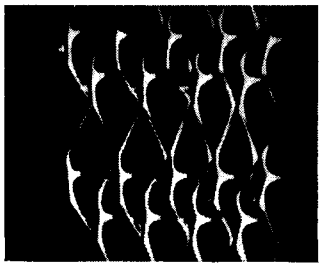

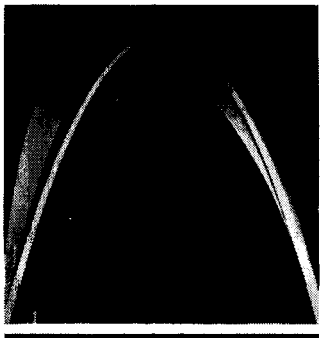

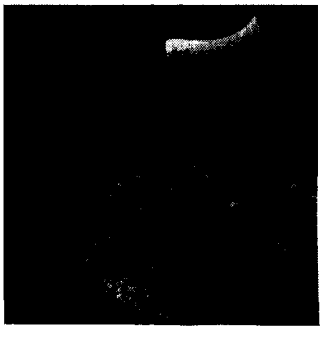

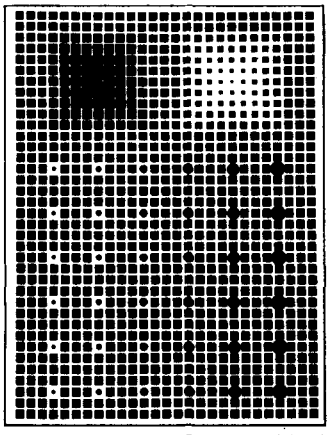

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they will be given their full legal rights." These remarks by Secretary-General Surkov of the Union of Soviet Writers, taken from the report in *Humanité* (November 23) on a recent visit to Paris of a Soviet literary delegation, are the closest thing to an official statement on the Sinyavsky-Daniel case that has, as yet, been given to the world press. As we understand it, the accused have been kept in prison for more than two months without the charges against them being made public. The arrests were first revealed by Giancarlo Vigorelli, secretary of the European Community of Writers, at a meeting of that group in Rome on October 9; Soviet writers were present, including Alexander Tvardovsky, editor of *Novy Mir*, which has frequently printed Mr. Sinyavsky's literary criticism; they made no comment. We hope the Public Prosecutor will soon inform the world of what, precisely, the defendants are accused.

The award of this year's Nobel Prize for literature to Mikhail Sholokhov coincides, ironically and tragically, with this police persecution of two of his more eminent literary compatriots. He has indicated a lack of sympathy for them: "I stand for those writers who look honestly into the face of Soviet power and publish their works here and not abroad." (*New York Times*, December 1.) We urge him to reconsider and we bring to his attention the appeal of an earlier Nobel Prize writer, François Mauriac, in the November 25 *Figaro Litteraire:* "Our fear is that another *Zhivago* affair may again force us into opposition to our Russian friends. If there exists a Nobel Prize fraternity, I implore my illustrious colleague Sholokhov to become our interpreter with those authorities on whose decision depends the liberation of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel."

We are alarmed and disturbed by these arrests because they seem to us a regression to the Stalin period when any criticism or dissent was a matter for the police. We can assure you that Messrs. Sinyavsky and Daniel are recognized by informed opinion in the West as outstanding scholars of Russian literature, and also that the writings of "Tertz" and "Arzhak" are considered serious contributions to contemporary literature which can no more be reduced to the simplistic category of "anti-Soviet" than the work of our own best poets and novelists can be dismissed as "anti-American," despite campaigns by reactionary circles such as the John Birch Society to do so.

Our concern is for ourselves as well as for our literary comrades in the Soviet Union. If these prosecutions are carried out, we fear they will blight not only the new growth of your own culture but also that East-West dialogue which is being created by the steadily increasing contacts between Soviet and Western intellectuals. We therefore ask you to review the Sinyavsky-Daniel case in a broader context than it seems to have been considered up to now.

Edward Albee, Hannah Arendt
W. H. Auden, Saul Bellow
Michael Harrington, Lillian Hellman
John Hersey, Robert Lowell
Dwight Macdonald, Norman Mailer
Lewis Mumford, Reinhold Niebuhr
Philip Rahv, Philip Roth
Meyer Schapiro, William Styron
Lionel Trilling, Robert Penn Warren

The Escalator

Sirs:

On reading "Get off the Escalator" (December 18), which pictures so clearly and reasonably the situation in which the United States finds itself with respect to Vietnam, one is struck by the fact that our Administration's inertia in reforming its policies is hardly less ugly than the slaughter occurring there. Thus American citizens who are sensitive to the sheer immorality of their government's engagement in Vietnam seemingly have no alternative but to go on day by day while bombings and escalation continue, and may come to feel a new and more complicated variety of guilt by association. . . .

Basically, the energies of our country are turning against ourselves, and although it may be unfair to say that any one person or group is to blame it is urgent to repeat what has already been said, that it is better to save our souls than to save face. Short of some miracle of Presidential vision, our inexorable drift toward disaster in the name of preserving national security may now only be accomplished by a groundswell of righteous indignation. Is this country up to it?

David Lawson
New York, N.Y.

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Dear Reader:

Jo Coudert phoned me one Monday morning that she would be dropping off the manuscript of her new book that day. When it hadn't reached my desk by late Tuesday, I asked around and learned that our receptionist had glanced at it, become fascinated, and taken it home with her. The next morning she handed it over excitedly to my secretary, who started reading the manuscript on her lunch hour, and now pleaded with me to let *her* take it home. And so it wasn't until Wednesday that I got my hands on *Advice from a Failure*, with recommendations from these two unauthorized readers who swore, each in her own way, that it was the best book of its kind they had ever read. That had never happened in our office before.

I asked Peg Parkinson, one of our editors, to read the manuscript right away. When I poked my head in her office late in the day, she was just turning over the last page. Very quietly she said, "Wow." That evening it was read by my wife and partner, Patricia Day, who is a cool one about incoming manuscripts. She stayed up very late that night. The next morning she asked simply, "How fast can we bring it out?"

After I read it, to confirm the rapidly spreading excitement in our company I sent the manuscript out to specialists in the field of psychology. Dr. Harris B. Peck, Director of Mental Health Services of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, wrote us that *Advice from a Failure* was full of "profound wisdom," handled with "delicacy and tact." Dr. Molly Harrower, Professor of Psychology at the New School for Social Research, called *Advice from a Failure* "A challenging book, exceptionally well written. The intelligent reader cannot help but benefit from it." Dr. Saul Scheidlinger of the Community Service Society in New York reported *Advice from a Failure* is "Refreshingly different... Every intelligent reader is bound to profit from it, rich as it is in wisdom, sensitivity, and compassion."

I sent 500 advance copies of *Advice from a Failure* to booksellers and influential librarians across the country. Their enthusiastic reactions came in the form of phone calls, letters, telegrams —and orders.

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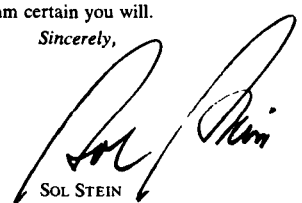

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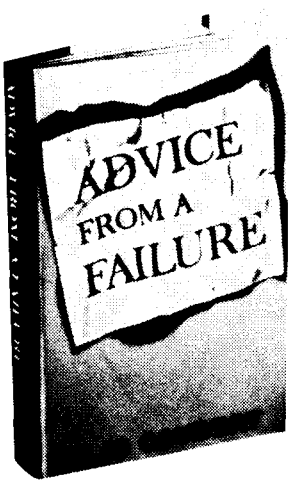

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